Matins and Vespers

BY

JOHN BOWRING LL.D.

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MATINS AND VESPERS:

WITH

HYMNS

AND

OCCASIONAL DEVOTIONAL PIECES.

BY

JOHN BOWRING, LL. D.

A NEW EDITION.

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DEDICATION OF FIRST EDITION

TO

DR. LANT CARPENTER.

WITHIN my infant breast paternal care
The living seed of young devotion planted,
And watched and watered it — and prayed and panted,
That it might spring, and bud, and blossom there.
'Twas timid, unobtrusive, — for it wanted
The guidance of some mild interpreter
To give its breathings utterance — form its prayer,
And guide its heavenward tendency. 'Twas granted!
Thy hand led on the trembling wanderer, —
Thy voice spoke sweet encouragement — the boy
Ripened into man, and now delights to bring
To its old shrine a springtide offering:
Accept it! 'tis the grateful votary's joy
To blend his name with thine in union here.

906362

DEDICATION OF SECOND EDITION

TO

MRS. BARBAULD.

Thou hast heard many voices hymning thee,
Who didst awake their purest, earliest strains;
Flowing like mingling rivulets o'er the plains
They water — till they reach the mighty sea
Where time is blended with eternity!
The current of thy years — which age has crowned
With hoary honors, and ripe harvests round,
Say, may it drink some gentle dews from me
Of grateful song? — I was in childhood young
And artless, when to my dim vision thou
Wert as a saint, — and from thy gentle tongue
I oft have heard such truths, such thoughts, as wrung
Tears of delight from infancy — and now
Round thee affection hath with reverence clung.

TO MY CHILDREN.

Two names I had inscribed upon this page,
Dear to my youth — and to my manhood dear —
But those who bore them dwell no longer here;
They through the gate of venerable age
Have passed to heaven in heavenly pilgrimage.
My smile shall dwell upon their sepulchre
In grateful musings, — while I breathe the prayer
That you, when called to life's soul-trying stage,
May find such guides as 'twas my bliss to find.
To leave a memory of light behind,
As they have left, is life's best legacy —
That legacy be yours — and when my race
Is ended, at the general resting-place,
As I of them — my children! think of me.

1841.

PREFACE.

Those who are acquainted with a little volume written by Dr. Witschel, entitled *Morgen und Abend Opfer*, which has passed through several editions in Germany, will see how largely I have been indebted to it. It first suggested the idea that a similar collection might serve the cause of religion and virtue at home.

So much of serene and so much of joyful feeling, so much of calm and grateful recollection, so much of present peace and comfort, and so much of holy and transporting hope, are connected with the cultivation of the devotional spirit, that to assist its exercises, to administer to its wants, and to accompany its heavenly aspirations, are objects worthy of the noblest, the best ambition.

In attempting to give some of the ornaments of song to such contemplations, and such expressions as become those who have formed a true estimate of life, and of the ends of living, I trust I have never forgotten that the substance of piety is of higher interest than any of its decorations, — that the presence of truth is of more importance than the garment it wears.

I have often witnessed, with complacency and delight, the consoling influence produced by the recollection of some passage of devotional poetry, under circumstances the most disheartening, and sufferings the most oppressive. Should any fragment of this little book, remembered and dwelt upon in

moments of gloom and anxiety, tend to restore peace, to awaken fortitude, to create, to renew, or to strengthen confidence in Heaven, I shall have obtained the boon for which I pray — the end to which I aspire.

These Hymns were not written in the pursuit of fame or literary triumph. They are full of borrowed images, of thoughts and feelings excited less by my own contemplations than by the writings of others. I have not sought to be original. To be useful is my first ambition; that obtained, I am indifferent to the rest.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

It has been suggested that the usefulness of this volume may be much increased by its publication in a form which will make it more accessible, and perhaps in consequence acceptable, to a very large class of society. All good is important in proportion to the sphere in which it acts — in proportion to its extent and to its intensity. The man who labors for the few where he might benefit the many, mistakes his vocation. He who confers the greatest sum of good on the greatest number of human beings, is the greatest benefactor of the human species. Mine is a humble effort; I rejoice that it has been crowned with some success. May the blessing of Heaven go with it on its forward way!

CONTENTS.

MATINS AND VESPERS.

		Page
First Week,	Spring,	11– 51
Second Week,	Summer,	52– 90
Third Week,	Autumn,	91–128
Fourth Week,	Winter,	129–166

HYMNS AND OTHER DEVOTIONAL PIECES.

Night. From the German of Herder, ... 167
Morning Thoughts, ... 172
Evening Thoughts on Death, ... 175
Written at Sea, ... 179
"The World is given to the Wicked," 182
Psalm xc., ... 184
Habakkuk, chap. iii., ... 187
I Corinthians, chap. xiii., ... 190
Anxieties and Comforts, ... 193
Siste, Viator! 196
Blessings of Instruction, ... 200
Sonnet, ... 203
Hymns, ... 204–206
Death, ... 207
Hymns, ... 209–215
Hymn to the Deity, ... 216
An Aspiration, ... 218
Sonnet of Pellegrino Gaudenzi, ... 219
Sonnet of Salvini — God, ... 220
Hymns, ... 221–222
To a Violet, ... 223
Hymns, ... 224–225
Persecution, ... 226
Retirement, ... 228
Sonnets, ... 229–231
The God of Glory thundereth, ... 232
Our Times are in Thy Hand, ... 233
The Savior's Lamentation over Jerusalem, ... 234

Jesus lives, ... 235
The New Dispensation, ... 236
Mysteries of Providence, ... 237
Lowly Praise, ... 238
Preservation implored, ... 239
Voyage, ... 241
Pious Worship, ... 242
Progress of Gospel Truth, ... 243
Death's Ravages in the House of Prayer, ... 244
The Rich and Poor meet together, ... 245
God mighty to save, ... 246
God near in Sorrow, ... 247
The Righteous shall be in Everlasting Remembrance, ... 248
Help Thou my Unbelief, ... 249
Rejoice with Trembling, ... 250
Mechanics' Institutions, ... 251
Communion, ... 252
Perpetual Praise, ... 253
Elevating Influence of Devotion, ... 254
God Merciful in the Mysteries of Affliction, ... 255
Afflictions, ... 256
Sickness, ... 257
Recovery of Health, ... 258
Light in Darkness, ... 259
Joy after Sorrow, ... 260
Temptation, ... 261
Riches, ... 262
Poverty, ... 263
I will lay me down in Peace, and sleep, ... 264
Love of Home, ... 265
Home Joys, ... 266
Home Sorrows, ... 268
Travel, ... 269
Family Meetings, ... 270
Return Home from Travel, ... 271
Birth, ... 272
Baptism, ... 273
Burial, ... 274
Saturday Night, ... 276

MATINS AND VESPERS.

SPRING.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Thou, whose high praise in heaven and earth is sung,
Each heart pervading, tuning every tongue;
Thou, whom my soul devoutly would confess;
In joy's bright hour — nor in affliction's less;
Whose mercy in the sunshine and the storm
Alike is active — whose invisible form
Rides in the hurricane; Thou, whose depths profound,
And heights sublime, not earth nor heaven can sound;
Infinite power, and goodness without bound!
Thou unseen Cause, Conductor, End of all,
We know Thee not — yet God and Father call!
We know Thee not — but know and feel Thou art!
Our eye can see Thee not — but, Lord! our heart
Is touched as with thy Spirit — and even now
I feel Thee — feel Thee in this holy glow.

A peace which none but Thou couldst give inspires
My bosom ; heavenly aspiration fires
My towering thoughts. O God ! what breath but Thine
Could kindle aspirations so divine !
Benignant condescension ! that Thy ray
Should send its brightness through a clod of clay,
And raise to Thine abode — to Heaven — to Thee —
The poor, weak children of mortality !
Thus privileged, let my spirit-rousing thought,
Which vainly seeks to praise Thee as it ought,
Pour forth its humble strains. Eternal Lord !
Thy majesty might crush the embryo word
With its gigantic presence ; but Thy love
Gives it a voice, and wafts its tones above.
Grant me, Eternal One ! Thy light to cheer,
Thy hand to guide me, whilst I journey here ;
Thy grace to help, Thy peace my soul to fill,
And sorrow's storm may thunder if it will.
I am supported by Thy holy arm —
The cloud may burst — but O, it cannot harm.

I say not, " Shield me, Father, from distress,"
But, " Wake my heart to truth and holiness."
I ask not that my earthly course may run
Cloudless — but, humbly, " Let Thy will be done."
The peace the world can give not nor destroy,

The love which is the greatest, and the joy
That's given to angels — to perceive and own
That all Thy will is light and truth alone
And bliss-producing; — these, and such as these,
Be mine; — the vain world's fleeting vanities —
Pomps, pleasures, riches, honors, glory, pride,
(Idols by man's perverseness deified,)
I envy not. Do Thou my steps control —
Erect devotion's temple in my soul;
And there, my God! my King! unrivalled sway:
So let existence, like a Sabbath day,
Glide softly by, and let that temple be
A shrine devoted all to truth and Thee.

SUNDAY EVENING.

How shall I praise Thee, Lord of light?
How all Thy generous love declare?
Though earth is veiled in shades of night,
Thy heaven is open to my prayer;
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns —
That glorious heaven, which knows no bound;
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around;

From thence — Thy seat of light divine,
Circled by thousand streams of bliss
Which calmly flow and brightly shine —
Say, to a world so mean as this,
Canst Thou direct Thy pitying eye?
How shall my thoughts expression find,
All lost in Thine immensity?
How shall I seek, Eternal Mind!
Thy holy presence? God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace
Are greater than the round of time,
And vaster than the bounds of space!

Gently the shades of night descend;
Thy temple, Lord! is calm and still;
A thousand lamps of ether blend,
A thousand fires that temple fill,
To honor Thee; 'tis bright and fair,
As if the very heavens, impressed
With Thy pure image smiling there,
In all their loveliest robes were dressed.
Yet Thou canst turn Thy friendly eye
From that immeasurable throne;
Thou, smiling on humanity,
Dost claim earth's children for Thine own,
And gently, kindly lead them through

Life's varied scenes of joy and gloom ;
Till evening's pale and pearly dew
Tips the green sod that decks their tomb.

Thou, Father ! hast a gentle breath
That bears our soaring souls on high ;
Thy angels watch the bed of death,
Thy torch directs us to the sky.
Thou bidd'st the cares of earth depart —
Heaven's peace is wafted from above ;
A Sabbath stillness fills my heart —
Devotion's calm, and virtue's love.
Thy laws with rays divine illume ;
Sweet is Thy call, Thy burden light,
Thy words like heavenly music come,
Thy promise like a seraph bright.
And Thou, from Thy sublimest height
Of glory — in thy mercy deignest
Earth-wandering pilgrims to invite
Towards the blest palace where Thou reignest.
And man — a speck of dust — may rise,
Borne on the pinions of Thy grace,
Up to angelic mysteries :
Heaven is his home — his resting-place.

Even as the seed that autumn's breath

On to its destined dwelling bears,
Springs from its earthly tomb beneath,
And its fair crown of beauty rears;
Mortality itself contains
The germ of immortality,
And bursts life's cold and fettering chains,
Rising from mortal bondage free.
Not ours alone a varying doom,
Checkered with fleeting joys and cares;
For us the portals of the tomb
Lead onwards to eternal years.

When trembling on the awful bourn
Which bounds life's transitory stage,
Tranquil my dying thoughts shall turn
Back on the well-spent pilgrimage:
While visions, robed in glory bright,
Beam through life's evening shades serene,
From heaven's eternal isles of light;
What though the waters roll between?
The arm that oft hath saved, shall save;
Death has no terrors now for me —
Where is thy sting, O, where? thou grave!
O death! where is thy victory?
Methinks I see the flowerets bloom
Even now on Eden's vernal shore;

Methinks I feel the breezes come
To waft the enfranchised prisoner o'er ;
Methinks a light as soft, as sweet,
Smiles on me as the pale moon's ray ;
Methinks I hear the angels greet,
" Come hither, Spirit, come ! " — they say.
I hasten : as my eye grows dim
And darkens on this fading sphere,
I see the smiling seraphim
Wax more and more resplendent there ;
And as my ear grows deaf and dull
To the vain sounds of earthly art,
The music, soft and beautiful,
Of heaven absorbs my raptured heart.

MONDAY MORNING.

Thou, Lord ! art all in all — and man is nought :
For though in privileged hours his soaring thought
Would seem to catch a glance of Thee — Thy light
Soon becomes dazzling, and he sinks in night.
Yes ! we are blind — and when we most aspire,
Most feel our weakness and our vain desire.
We trace the comets in their orbits — fly

From star to star, across the crowded sky,
And, far beyond what natural powers discern,
Guided by art, we nature's mysteries learn:
But when we think of Thee — confounded, lost,
From one proud billow to another tossed,
Our reason wrecked — the horizon shaded o'er,
We dash upon a dark and dangerous shore.

What art Thou, Lord? By what high name, what word
Of majesty, shall we address Thee, Lord?
God! awful sound — recess of mystery!
God! what strange notions of infinity,
Infinity of wisdom, power, and love,
Through the stilled heart in shadowy visions move —
Linked with all space, all being, deep and vast:
'Tis a vague sense of future and of past —
Of things beyond the stars — of death — of birth —
Of a winged spirit wandering o'er the earth —
Travelling from sun to sun — of whispering wind —
Of thunder — of a more than mortal mind,
That sometimes visits man: — a rolling flood
Invisible — an infinite tide of good,
O'erflowing all — a presence in the air,
Upon the land, the waters, every where!
God! God! word written on the waves — impressed

Upon fair Nature's universal breast, —
Wafted by every breeze, and borne along
By every motion that has sense or song —
Splendent above and beautiful below,
The soul of all the universe art Thou!
We find Thee there —we revel in the thought —
Forgive the daring, Lord! we know Thee not.
When man hath scaled the heavens, and weighed the sun,
And visited the stars — then, Infinite One!
Then may he, then, though still unworthily,
Lift up his thoughts and turn his eyes to Thee;
To Thee, whose glorious brightness human eye
Ne'er gazed on yet in its intensity.
O God! I tremble when on Thee I think;
I feel as if I shuddered on the brink
Of profanation — yet I love Thee: — read
My doubting, fearing heart — it loves indeed!
Loves, and would fain obey — O, touch the chord
That vibrates at Thy name, — and tune it, Lord!
To reverence and to virtue: — all beside —
The vain desires of folly or of pride —
All, all I throw, an offering at Thy feet —
Accept that homage, Being Infinite!

MONDAY EVENING.

My eye looked round upon the vast expanse
Of glorious Nature — and my raptured vision,
Revelling in the early daybeams' wakened glance,
Saw rocks, and streams, and woods — like scenes
Elysian,
Uncurtained slowly from the realms of sleep;
There the sun drove his golden chariot proudly,
And the sonorous ocean thundered loudly,
What time the waters rushing down the steep
Lifted their voice harmonious — every where
The spirit of love was brooding — and the smile
Of vernal freshness and of beauty rare:
There was a gentle music in the air,
That hung around the mist-robed mountains, while
A calm and quiet influence seemed to breathe
In fragrance o'er the vales and on the hills;
The dews had hung up many a diamond wreath
On herbs and budding flowers — and the meek rills
Trembled at morning's first salute, and thrilled
And murmured joy. Slowly and silently
The vapors which the lap of earth had filled,
Melted away in light! — the all-present Eye
Of heaven beamed brightly: and methought the day

Looked beautiful as when an infant wakes
From its soft slumbers — and in every ray
I traced the visible presence — dark and dim —
But still the presence visible of Him,
At whose first call the early morning breaks
Through twilight's curtain. Higher yet, and higher
Rose the great central orb above our globe,
Till heaven was girded with one azure robe,
And none could look upon that throne of fire,
On which perchance some spirit sits, and keeps
An awful reckoning with our earthly sphere:
For the Great Eye that sees us never sleeps;
It has its ministering angels wheresoe'er
Existence is — beneath us, and above,
Around us and within us, He has there
His delegates; they watch us when we rove,
And to the oft-abandoned, narrow track
Of truth and virtue, gently call us back;
They read our thoughts — our actions they record,
And bear the transcript of each idle word
Up to the great tribunal. Now the Noon,
Wearied with sultry toil, declines and falls
Into the mellow Eve. The West puts on
Her gorgeous beauties — palaces and halls
And towers, all carved of the unstable cloud
Welcome the calmly waning monarch — he

Sinks gently 'midst that glorious canopy
Down on his couch of rest — even like a proud
Monarch of earth and ocean. He being gone,
All his attendant ministers take their flight,
And leave the dark and desolate earth alone —
To all the gloom and horror of the Night.
But no! for He who made that glowing Sun,
Still watches o'er his children — and He spreads
A roll of starry brightness o'er our heads,
Waking the stars and planets one by one.

So rolls the varying day — and morn and noon,
And eventide and night, alike proclaim
The ne'er-decaying splendor of His name;
His love, that's never wearied, shed on man;
The never-bounded influence of His might;
The never-erring wisdom of His plan.
In Him, all, all is glory — knowledge — light —
Truth — beauty — joy; and both in what we see
And what we see not — both in what we know
And what we know not — kindness, mercy glow
In the refulgence of Infinity.

TUESDAY MORNING.

When the arousing call of Morn
Breaks o'er the hills, and day, new born,
Comes smiling from the purple East,
And the pure streams of liquid light
Bathe all the earth — renewed and bright
Uprising from its dream of rest —

O, how delightful then, how sweet
Again to feel life's pulses beat;
Again life's kindly warmth to prove;
To drink anew of pleasure's spring
Again our matin song to sing
To the great Cause of light and love!

To Him, whom comet, planet, star,
Sun, moon, in their sweet courses far,
Praise in eternal homage meet;
While thousand choirs of seraphs bring
Their sounding harps of gold — and fling
Their crowns of glory at His feet.

Thou! who didst wake me first from nought,
And led my heaven-aspiring thought

To some faint, feeble glimpse of Thee :
Thou ! who didst touch my slumbering heart
With Thine own hand — and didst impart
A portion of Thy deity :

O, teach me, Father ! while I feel
The impress of Thy glorious seal —
And whence I came — and whither tend ;
Teach me to live — to act — to be
Worthy my origin, and Thee,
And worthy my immortal end.

O, not in vain to me be given
The joys of earth — the hopes of heaven !
O, not in vain may I receive
My Master's talents — but, subdued
And tutored by the soul of good,
To God — to bliss — to virtue live !

Heaven's right-lined path may I discern,
Nor, led by pride or folly, turn
A handbreadth from the onward road ;
Fight the good fight — the foe subdue,
And wear the heavenly garland too —
A garland from the hand of God !

TUESDAY EVENING.

'Tis now the solemn hour when spirits come
To alarm credulity — 'tis now the hour
When disembodied ghosts have awful power
To burst the imprisoning portals of the tomb.
Such vain creations from the midnight's womb
Has superstition summoned, and arrayed
In all the hideous forms that fear has made.
Spirits there *are* indeed that walk the night, —
Not such as these — but heavenly tongues, that call,
In nature's hallow'd eloquence, on all,
To wing themselves for a diviner flight.
The wise man hears their voices: darkness, light,
To him are equally momentous things,
And each a monitory warning brings
From the other side of death. The sun goes down;
But truth, that never sleeps, still rides sublime
Through all the strange vicissitudes of time —
Speaks in the noontide's smile, the midnight's frown.

Now in the stillness of the eve serene,
The calm of meek devotion's influence,
Upsoaring from this dark detaining scene,
Appealing from what is, and what has been,

To that which *shall* be — from a world of sense,
To spiritual worlds ; inviting down from thence
Rays of the light that gilds heaven's holy place —
I turn my thoughts, appalling Power ! to Thee.
Appalling Power ! Thine awful majesty
Might scatter us in dust — but lo ! Thy grace,
Milder and softer than the early dew,
Invites us to Thy presence. Lord ! forgive
Thy trembling children — Father ! Friend ! receive
Their tribute, humble and unworthy too.

'Tis sweet, in journeying through this vale of tears,
To gather its fair flowers ; to pay and prove
Blessings and sympathies, and acts of love,
And so to sink into the lap of years :
But sweeter, when life's evening star appears,
To see religion's holy visions bright,
Hover on wings of righteousness and light,
Smiling kind invitations from above.
What though a thousand or ten thousand graves
Arrest our stumbling footsteps — they are nought
But seats of rest, where the life-wearied thought
Reposes — while divinest glory waves
Her palms of triumph o'er the grassy heaps.
Life's journey is oft wearisome and wild ;
And there Affliction's tired and troubled child

On nature's all-composing bosom sleeps.
There is a land where everlasting suns
Shed everlasting brightness — where the soul
Drinks from the living streams of love, that roll
By God's high throne! — myriads of glorious ones
Bring there the accepted offering. O, how blest
To look from this dark prison to that shrine,
To inhale one breath of paradise divine —
And enter into that eternal rest
Which waits the sons of God! Remote from care,
Remote from disappointment, to employ
Hours never ending in the courts of joy,
And wear a crown of heavenly splendor there!

With such a destiny, what earthly fear,
What earthly woe shall cloud my spirit? None.
Forward, then, forward to the golden throne!
Why should our restless wishes linger here?
See from the clouds a smiling angel calls,
"Come hither, Christian! — Open is the door —
The path is straight — delay not — doubt no more —
Lo! thou art welcome to the heavenly halls."
Father — I go! — I hear the inviting sound —
No more shall earthly objects dim my eyes —
Away, away the world's dull vanities!
I hasten on — to heaven — to Eden bound.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

When Morn peeps o'er the mountain's height,
And the last star has left the sky,
And dews disperse at waking light,
And Earth puts on her robes of joy,
And flowers look out, and woods are gay
With birds and breezes — O, 'tis meet
To join the universal lay,
And Nature's chorus to repeat;
To lead the aspiring soul to Him,
Whose is the darkness, whose the day —
Who kindled first the sunny beam;
Poured forth the wandering milky way;
Filled all heaven's lamps with ether; spread
The canopy above — whose hand
The valleys scooped — the mountains weighed —
Fathomed the ocean — reared the land,
And crowded all with life and bliss.
See life and bliss around us glowing!
Wherever space or being is,
The cup of joy is full and flowing.

Yes! Nature is a splendid show,
Where an attentive mind may hear

Music in all the winds that blow, —
And see a silent worshipper
In every flower, on every tree,
In every vale, on every hill —
Perceive a voice of melody
In waving grass or whispering rill ;
And catch a soft but solemn sound
Of worship from the smallest fly,
The cricket chirping on the ground,
The trembling leaf that hangs on high.

Proud, scornful man ! thy soaring wing
Would hurry towards Infinity ;
And yet the vilest, meanest thing
Is too sublime, too deep for thee ;
And all thy vain imagining
Lost in the smallest speck we see.
It must be so — for He, even He
Who worlds created, formed the worm —
He pours the dew, who filled the sea —
Breathes from the flower, who rules the storm :
Him we may worship — not conceive ;
See not and hear not — but adore :
Bow in the dust — obey — believe —
Utter His name — and know no more.

His throne is o'er the highest star
That wanders heaven's blue vault along;
He drives unseen his glorious car
A million viewless worlds among.
A thousand — ay! ten thousand suns
Are darkness in His piercing eye!
Thy life runs on — and while it runs,
Vainly to know Him dost thou try:
That is a bliss for realms on high,
When thou shalt breathe diviner air,
And drink of heaven's felicity;
For knowledge knows no boundary *there*.

O, if joy be here thy doom,
Give it anchorage above;
If thy path be dark with gloom,
Steal a ray from heavenly love.
Source of joy! — my Friend! my Father!
In Thy presence let me be, —
Here the flowers of Virtue gather,
Blooming for eternity.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Almighty Being! wise and holy,
Who hast to each his portion given;
To the poor worm his station lowly,
And to the choirs of angels — heaven;
My faith is in thy righteous keeping,
Ruler of worlds! — unbounded One!
While to weak man, in error sleeping,
Thy awful course is all unknown;
Far from Thy light immortal streaming,
From heaven, — resplendently afar,
Man's ray is but the feeble gleaming
Of evening's palest, farthest star.
With hope upon his path descending,
Life's darkness soon gives way to light;
Some holy sunbeams hither tending,
Chase the dark clouds of doubt, of night

O, had our journey, wasting, weary,
No ray like these to gild the gloom,
Life were a desert dark and dreary,
A midnight prison house — a tomb!
Merciful Being! Friend! Creator!
To Thee I look, to Thee I call;

On Thee I rest my fragile nature;
Not on this transient world, nor all
The world's foundations. Thou, who kindly
Smil'st on my path, conduct me still;
Conduct me, while fatigued and blindly
I climb up life's deceitful hill;
Smile in Thy light of mercy o'er me,
And form me to Thy holy will;
Thy hope shall sweetly beam before me,
Thy rays my little lamp shall fill.
Could I control my future being,
No thought of pride should e'er rebel;
Thou, all designing — guiding — seeing,
Wilt direct all things wisely, well.
Disturb not, dreams of care! to-morrow;
Enough the evil of to-day:
My destined sum of joy and sorrow
The scales of perfect wisdom weigh.
He for ten thousand worlds providing,
Yet condescends to think of me!
My little skiff securely guiding
O'er Time's now still, now troubled sea,
Calm as the night, and soft and vernal
As the spring's breath, my bark shall move,
Till, launched into the gulf eternal,
It anchors in a port above.

THURSDAY MORNING.*

The heavens, O Lord! Thy power proclaim,
And the earth echoes back Thy name;
Ten thousand voices speak Thy might,
And day to day, and night to night,
Utter Thy praise,— Thou Lord above!
Thy praise — Thy glory — and Thy love.

All things I see, or hear, or feel,
Thy wisdom, goodness, power reveal.
The silent crescent hung on high,
So calmly sailing through the sky;
The lowliest flower that lights the dells;
The lightest wave the stream that swells;

The breeze that o'er the garden plays;
The farthest planet's glimmering rays;
The dew upon the distant hill;
The vapors that the valley fill;
The grove's untutored harmony —
All speak, and loudly speak, of Thee.

* Zollikofer's Sermons, vol. vi. p. 253.

Thy name, Thy glories, they rehearse,
Great Spirit of the universe!
Sense of all sense, and Soul of soul,
Nought is too vast for thy Thy control;
The meanest and the mightiest share
Alike Thy kindness and Thy care.

Beneath Thy all-directing nod,
Both worlds and worms are equal, God!
Thy hand the comets' orbits drew,
And lighted yonder glowworm too;
Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,
And form'dst yon snowdrop's silver cup.

And nature with its countless throng,
And sun and moon and planet's song,
And every flower that light receives,
And every dew that tips its leaves,
And every murmur of the sea —
Tunes its sweet voice to worship Thee.

Yes! all below and all above
Drink of Thy flowing stream of love;
Yes! wheresoe'er existence is,
There, there is greatness, hope and bliss:
There never was a mortal eye
Which has not shone with smiles of joy.

And all are bending to the spot
Where diappointment enters not ;
The seed of man's mortality
Shall on earth's bosom scattered be,
And from its germs at last arise
Fair blossoms, fit for paradise.

And we, creation's princes, we,
The favorites of the Deity,
The wise — the strong — whose thoughts can soar
Heaven's brightest, highest concave o'er ;
And hold, above created things,
Communion with the King of kings —

Shall we not praise and worship Thee,
Thou infinite Divinity ?
Thank Thee for what we know — and own
Thou hidest what is best unknown ;
And kindly, wisely, hast concealed
The future, from our vision veiled ?

Shall *we* disturb the harmony
Which all creation tunes To thee ;
Those sweet concordant notes, that sound
The archéd hall of nature round ;
That fill the earth, the sea, the air,
And reach Thy throne — accepted there ?

No: rather our according voice
Shall in the general praise rejoice,
And join the ever-during hymn
With cherubim and seraphim —
With all to whom a tongue is given,
To worship Thee, the Lord of heaven.

THURSDAY EVENING.

Peace 'neath the stars may fix her seat,
And bliss look smiling from on high,
When spirits hold communion sweet
With brighter spirits of the sky.
The earth is resting calmly now
Beneath the curtained shade of night,
The sun behind the mountain's brow
Has veiled his last and lingering light.

Reviving sleep! thy sheltering wing
Is o'er the couch of labor spread;
Sweet minister — unearthly thing —
That hovers round the tired one's head.
As calm and cold as mortal clay
When life is fled, earth soundly sleeps;

When evening veils the eye of day,
And darkness rules the ocean deeps.

But, lighted 'neath heaven's temple arch,
Ten thousand stars are shining round,
And all on their imposing march
Thine everlasting praise resound.
A thousand, thousand joyful tongues
Are heard in heaven when earth is still;
And echoes of unnumbered songs
The vast extent of nature fill.

O, then Thy spirit, Lord! anew
Enkindles strength in sleeping men;
It falls as falls the evening dew —
And life's sad waste repairs again.
While mildly o'er the deep repose
Peace smiles from her exalted throne,
In sleep a million eyelids close —
Heaven watches — and heaven wakes alone.

Preserving, blessing, guarding all,
The night and day His smile inspires;
He sits beneath his star-roofed hall,
And never slumbers — never tires.
No rest requites His ceaseless toil —

He never faints, He needs not rest:
Man sinks to deep repose a while;
God reigns untired — immortal — blest.

Then let me, led by Him, pursue
My path, from folly's slavery free;
'Throw off' my chain — and then renew
My journey towards eternity.
Be nature's gentle slumbers mine —
And lead me gently to the last,
Until I hear Thy voice divine —
"Awake! for death's long night is past."

FRIDAY MORNING.

Psalm civ.

Sing thy Creator's praise, and own
Him greatest — wisest — God alone;
He wraps himself in robes of light,
And, clothed in garments pure and bright,
Of honor and of majesty,
He makes the skies His canopy.

The pillars of His temple are
Built on the ocean; and His car,
The clouds of heaven. Th' Eternal Mind
Rides on the pinions of the wind:
A thousand spirits wait His will,
And, touched with fire, His word fulfil.

Thou rear'dst the universe sublime
On arches of unshaken time —
And wrapp'dst this vast terraqueous globe
With the deep waters as a robe —
And badd'st the eternal hills sustain
The o'erhanging pregnant clouds of rain.

At Thy decree the waters fall —
They hasten at Thy thunder's call;
Down from the rocky heights they gush,
And through the thirsty valleys rush
On to the vast receptacle,
Where Thou hast bid the waters dwell.

There hast Thou girt them with a shore,
That they may flood the earth no more:
While thousand and ten thousand rills,
Wandering among the mazy hills,

Fresh from their sparkling fountain burst,
Where the wild asses quench their thirst.

'Tis there, along the streamlet's side,
The wingéd fowls of heaven abide ;
Among the waving boughs they sing,
That overhang the crystal spring ;
The hills are watered from above,
And earth reflects a heaven of love.

He bids the emerald verdure grow,
He makes the smiling flowerets blow ;
He plants the roots, He sows the grain,
A common feast for beasts and men :
To each He gives his portioned food —
He, ever active, wise, and good !

He bids the loaded vine produce
For man its generous, joyous juice ;
And oil that makes his face to shine,
And bread to nourish — all is Thine,
Thou great, life-giving Deity !
Yes ! all we have we owe to Thee.

The life-sap at Thy bidding flows
Through the young trees — the cedar grows

Towering above the mountain's crest,
Where the wood songster builds her nest;
While 'mid the solitary pines,
The careful stork her home enshrines.

To the rude rocks the conies fly;
The wild goats seek the mountains high;
While o'er them the benignant moon
Shines mildly — and the night, the noon,
In their appointed courses fall;
Governed by Him who governs all.

'Tis night — Thou spread'st the darkness deep:
The wild beasts from their hidings creep,
And the young lions seek their prey
From their Creator — till the ray
Of morning calmly dawns, and then
They slumber in their lairs again.

Man to his daily labor goes,
Until the evening brings repose.
O Lord! how great, how manifold
Thy works, how glorious and untold!
Their ever-during songs proclaim
The vast perfections of Thy name.

The mighty, the unbounded sea,
(Image of Thine immensity !)
Filled with ten thousand creatures — all
Sharing Thy care, the great, the small :
The whale's gigantic mass — the swarms
Of unseen myriads' insect forms.

The ships the busy billows crowd ;
And 'midst the waters rushing loud,
(He owns not the control of man,)
The huge, the dread leviathan
Sits on his ever-shifting throne,
And claims that kingdom for his own.

On Thee they wait, on Thee depend —
While Thou, their ever-present Friend,
Provid'st their food ; — Thy plenteous hand,
Outstretched, fills all the sea, the land,
With good, which they, delighted, gather
From Thy great store, Thou gracious Father !

Thy face is hidden — darkness clouds
The trembling earth ; Thy frowning shrouds
Existence with its gloom ; Thy ray
Is hidden from them — they decay :

Thou dost withdraw Thy breath — they die,
And in the clayey valley lie.

Thy Spirit is sent forth again,
And life resumes its joyous reign;
Again is nature's face renewed,
And love, and bliss, and gratitude,
Clad all the face of earth with light,
And hope, and bliss, and promise bright.

His glory shall endure forever —
His praise shall perish never, never!
Rejoicing in his work, and pleased
With the proud fabric He hath raised,
Blessed 'midst the blessings He hath given —
In heaven directing all to heaven!

A thousand worlds His presence greet;
The mountains smoke beneath His feet,
The earth His presence fears, — but I
Will sing His praises joyfully,
While I have life or breath to sing,
In His existence triumphing.

How sweet to meditate, O Lord!
On Thy great name, Thy glorious word,

In Thy blest presence to rejoice,
To Thy blest praise attune my voice,
And from Thy cup to drink the stream
Of gladness and of joy supreme!

If daring worldly ones contemn
That Power whose glance might scatter them —
I, in my honest purpose, still
Will own Thy hand and do Thy will;
Blest, blest unutterably, to be
Devoted, Lord! to truth and Thee.

FRIDAY EVENING.

A HOLY stillness fills the sky,
While evening tunes its vesper song,
And, like a sacred lamp, on high
The solitary moon is hung.
Repose, upon her downy pinion,
Lights on the pilgrim's couch serene,
And holds her undisturbed dominion
O'er the dark silence of the scene.
O, then the spirit loves to turn
Upon its inward self; and then

Those hallowed fires of virtue burn,
Which, born of heaven, ascend again
To their high source, — all worldly care,
All earth's pursuits and pleasures seem
Unworthy trifles, as they are,
Too grovelling for the soul's esteem.
Then the Divinity within
Lights the freed soul, and heaven appears
Like some fair star, the clouds between
Soft smiling through the night of years.
Then with new life the spirit flies
Up to its primal, proud abode ;
Reads all the secrets of the skies,
And holds high converse with its God.
O, let me turn to heaven my eye —
Heaven is my portion, is my home —
And, steering onward joyfully,
Be welcomed by the harboring tomb.
Thus in serenest holiness
Let days and nights roll sweetly past ;
And if a tear — a tear of peace —
Shall tremble in my eye at last,
Enough to think that I am Thine —
Enough for sorrow's darkest hour —
If I may call Thee, claim Thee mine —
God of my life ! I ask no more.

Father! O, let Thy light, Thy love,
Guard to his tomb Thy wanderer,
And when his spirit soars above,
Be all his errors buried here.

SATURDAY MORNING.

As from the vapors of the east
The sun o'er morning's twilight steals,
So truth illumes the pious breast,
When man his inmost soul unveils:
When the still monitor within
Holds meet communion with his heart,
And self-approval gilds the scene,
As hours and days and weeks depart.

How wise, departing weeks to call
To stern inquiry's solemn bar,
And take a strict account of all!
For all in heaven recorded are:
The talents lost — the moments run
To waste — the sins of act, of thought,
Ten thousand deeds of folly done,
And countless virtues cherished not.

A towering spirit, born of heaven,
And tending up to heaven again,
By earthly cares and errors driven,
And chained to all those errors vain;
A temple worthy of a God,
Degraded to an earthworm's cell;
A soul sublime — become a clod,
Dark, heavy, and insensible.

Can such a reckoning then appall,
To the heart's secret inquest given?
How dreadful — if unveiled to all
Th' assembled hosts of earth and heaven!
Deceive thee not, vain man! for so
Shall time thy inmost self declare,
And the great day of days shall show
Each vice thou wrapp'dst so fondly here.

Delusion! rend the shading veil;
Hypocrisy! come forth — and, pride!
Thy naked form no more conceal;
Come, fierce intolerance! nor hide
Thy serpent sting in folds of zeal,
In pious words thy tiger tooth!
Come forth, ye long-masked fiends! and feel
The all-discovering touch of truth.

How many fancied *saints*, that wear
Self-gratulation's starry dress,
Shall stand unrobed — astonished *there*,
In trembling, tottering nakedness!
How many a humble one, whose eye
Scarce dares look up to heaven's bright throne,
Shall bear the robes of majesty,
And put the golden garland on!

SATURDAY EVENING.

Hours, days, weeks, — so our lifetime flows —
Gently, as melt the vernal snows
Beneath the sun; they pass away,
Like dewdrops in the eye of day,
One by one — till all are gone: —
The mists disperse — the twilight's o'er,
And the monarch bursts from the orient door,
And the clouds impede his march no more.

Such is the fate of man! and so
His night of life rolls by, — the wave
Of darkness sweeps across his grave —
Then o'er the gloomy hills of snow

That seem life's boundary — brighter suns
Emerge in glory — suns immortal —
Bursting through the deep tomb's portal —
And the tide of being runs
In living light — eternal — bright,
While everlasting ages flow.

Why should the grave be terrible?
Why should it be a word of fear,
Jarring upon the mortal ear?
There repose and silence dwell; —
The living hear the funeral knell,
But the dead no funeral knell can hear.
Does the gay flower scorn the grave? the dew
Forget to kiss its turf? the stream
Refuse to bathe it? or the beam
Of moonlight shun the narrow bed,
Where the tired pilgrim rests his head?
No! the moon is there, and smiling too!
And the sweetest song of the morning bird
Is oft in that ancient yew tree heard;
And there may you see the harebell blue
Bending its light form — gently — proudly,
And listen to the fresh winds, loudly
Playing around yon sod, as gay
As if it were a holiday,

And children freed from durance they.
But 'tis the kingdom of decay!
So is the world — and all we see,
The sport of mutability.
Think ye the mountains never change,
Nor the vast ocean?
There's not an hour — but swift, and strange,
And secret workings — the commotion
Of all the elements goes on; —
There's not a spark of yonder sun,
Which does not perish at its birth;
For life itself is but the child
Of death — and this life-giving earth
Is dissolution's parent mild.
Death is the gate through which we come
Into the world — and every day
We die — and when dissolved away,
'Tis death conducts us to our home.
Death hath no terrors — while we are,
Death is not — when we cease to be,
Then death begins. Eternity
Is life, — not death. What cause for fear
Of death — when this same death we dread,
Is life continuous, and to die
Is but to live immortally?
Here, every, every step we tread,

Is on a grave — and every breath
Heaved, is a messenger of death.

'Tis well. If life have a joy worth giving,
'Tis not the fragile joy of living,
Except as it leads us to the door
Where life's delusions cheat no more:
They will soon be over — and then, O, then,
Rapture 'twill be to live again,
Where man in his glory shall inherit
What's brightest and best of his earthly spirit;
And blend — and not in a perishing hour —
Beauty and wisdom, and light and power.

SECOND WEEK.

SUMMER.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Thou art my glory — Thou my song, whose throne
Is built upon the highest heavens — and thence
Rollest the spheres by Thine omnipotence —
Thou art my song, O Lord! and thou alone!
Thy kingdom is of subject worlds. The arch
Above us, decked with stars as dust, Thou treadest
Beneath Thy feet in Thy resplendent march;
And, in the twinkling of an eye, Thou readest
The eternity that's past, and that to come.
All time concentred in one ray to Thee;
All being is Thy will — all space Thy home;
And all thine attributes — infinity.

Thou art my song! which from such thoughts as these
Where our poor reason wanders in the abyss
Of undiscoverable mysteries,
Turns from sublimer, higher worlds, to this;
And in its lowly flowers — and silent meads —
And gentle waters — and sweet solitude —

Its valleys and its plains and mountains — reads
That Thou art good — immeasurably good.

Thou art my song! and when Thy name I breathe
Light seems descending from Thy seat — to bear,
On wings of hope, the trembling worshipper
To realms beyond the frozen clime of death.
Then do the doubts and fears that overcast
Man's perilous way depart, and rays divine,
Though faint and feeble, o'er his pathway shine,
Which point him to a resting-place at last,
Whose very dreams are blessedness — for he
Who has been tossed upon a turbulent sea,
Can by the distant shores encouraged be.

Thou art my song! though in life's dreary maze,
Sorrow and darkness seem to be my lot,
And midst their heavy clouds I trace Thee not,
Yet Thou art there — and gratitude shall raise
Its early voice in reverence. Shifting days
And opening weeks shall, as they flow along,
Leave some bright record of harmonious praise
To thee, who art my glory and my song!

Thy sun awakes and sets — the world grows old
And is renewed again. The seasons flow

Unchanging in their changes — joy and woe
Preside in turns — and then we are enrolled
Among the slumberers of the grave — but Thou,
To whom past, present, future, are as *now*,
Art still the same — still watching — still intent
On Thy high purpose — from the labyrinth vast,
Where good and evil, joy and grief are blent,
In common fate, to perfect — and present
A future, gathered from the checkered past,
Where bliss shall be predominant — and spread
Wider and wider — till it shall embrace
All the great family of the human race,
And give a crown of light to every head.
O, may I join that never-numbered throng,
And sing Thy praise eternal — Thou my song!

SUNDAY EVENING.

" Let not your hearts be troubled, but confide
" In me as ye confide in God ; I go
" A mansion for my followers to provide ;
" My Father's heavenly dwelling is supplied
" With many mansions ; — I had told ye so,
" Were there not room ; — I hasten to prepare

" Your seats, — and soon will come again, and say,
" Be welcome ; where your Lord inhabits, there,
" There should his followers be : ye know the way ;
" I am the way, the truth, the life." — 'Twas thus
The Savior spoke — and in that blest road
What flowerets grow, what sunbeams shine on us,
All glowing with the brightness of our God!
Heaven seems to open round, the earth is still,
As if to sanctify us for the skies ;
All tending to the realms where blessing lies,
And joy and gladness, up th' eternal hill.
As the heaven-guided prophet, when his eyes
Stretched wearied o'er the peaceful promised land,
Even as he stood on Canaan's shores, we stand.
O night! how beautiful thy golden dress,
On which so many stars like gems are strewed ;
So mild and modest in thy loveliness,
So bright, so glorious in thy solitude!
The soul soars upwards on its holy wings,
Through the vast ocean paths of light sublime,
Visits a thousand yet unravelled things ;
And, if its memories look to earthly time
And earthly interests, 'tis as in a dream —
For earth and earthly things but shadows seem ;
While heaven is substance, and eternity.
This is Thy temple, Lord! 'tis worthy Thee,

And in it Thou hast many a lamp suspended,
That dazzles not, but lights resplendently;
And there Thy court is — there Thy court, attended
By myriad, myriad messengers — the song
Of countless and melodious harps is heard,
Sweeter than rill, or stream, or vernal bird,
The dark and melancholy woods among.
And golden worlds in that wide temple glow,
And roll in brightness, in their orbits vast;
And there the future mingles with the past,
An unbeginning, an unending *now*.

Death! they may call thee what they will, but thou
Art lovely in my eyes — thy thoughts to me
No terror bring; but silence and repose,
And pleasing dreams, and soft serenity.
Thou wear'st a wreath where many a wild flower blows;
And breezes of the south play round thy throne;
And thou art visited by the calm bright moon;
And the gay spring her emerald mantle throws
Over thy bosom; every year renews
Thy grassy turf, while man beneath it sleeps;
Evening still bathes it with its gentle dews,
Which every morn day's glorious monarch sweeps
With his gay smile away; and so we lie,
Gathered in the storehouse of mortality.

That storehouse overflows with heavenly seed;
And, planted by th' Eternal Husbandman,
Watered and watched, it shall hereafter breed
A progeny of strength no numbers can
Or reach or reckon. It shall people heaven;
Fill up the thrones of angels; — it shall found
A kingdom, knowing nor decay nor bound,
Built on the base by gospel promise given.

MONDAY MORNING.

O, SWEET it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom, our wanderings here —
No night of sorrow can conceal
Man from Thy notice, from Thy care.

When disciplined by long distress,
And led through paths of fear and woe;
Say, dost Thou love Thy children less?
No, ever-gracious Father! No.

No distance can outreach Thine eye,
No night obscure Thine endless day:
Be this my comfort when I sigh,
Be this my safeguard when I stray.

Unseen, yet every where Thou art;
Felt every where, yet all unknown!
In the frail temple of my heart,
As on Thine everlasting throne.

Where'er I turn, where'er I go,
Spirit sublime! Thy light, Thy love,
Are there: in ocean caves below,
On yonder farthest orb above.

Thy presence in the shade is seen,
As in the sunshine; in a worm,
As in a world; in eve serene,
As in the thunder of the storm.

Weak are our thoughts: our sight is dim,
Or our uncurtained eye might see
A sweeter, purer, holier beam
In sorrow, than in revelry.

The fairest flowerets of the mead,
The sparkling gem, the insect gay,
From the dark womb of earth proceed,
And borrow from the dust their ray.

The glowworm sparkling through the night,
The star that twinkles in the sky,

Take from surrounding gloom their light —
Their splendor from obscurity.

And not the vilest, not the worst,
His discipline of mercy proves :
His chastening hand descends the first
On those who love Him — those He loves.

Pride, power, would seem to pass their hours
Basking in an unclouded day ;
On them the dew of comfort showers,
And crowned with flowery wreaths are they !

'Tis false, 'tis vain ! those dews are cold —
They fall — but they refresh not them ;
And those fair-seeming flowerets hold
A canker in their budding stem.

In His just scales, the meanest thing
That bears the name of man, when weighed,
Is dear as is the proudest king
In all his glittering robes arrayed.

The wretch who in the common street
The victim of oppression falls,

Is noble as the titled great
Who dies in luxury's painted halls.

Men are deceived by idle names —
'Tis easier to be rich than wise ;
And wisdom less distinction claims
Than fortune's idle vanities.

But God the naked soul surveys —
Its dress deserves not His regard :
'Tis worth alone obtains His praise,
And holiness His bright reward.

MONDAY EVENING.

The evening twilight gently dies ;
The air is cool ; the silent night
Serenely reigns ; the curtained skies
To contemplation's shrine invite ;

The labors of the day are done :
That man how exquisitely blest,
Who, with the calm declining sun,
Is shrouded in untroubled rest !

Thrice blest, who steals 'neath twilight's smile,
Tranquil as yon fair arch above,
To sleep, securely sleep, a while,
In the kind arms of heavenly love;
With no reproaching voice within,
To break upon the calm of bliss;
As evening's earliest dew serene,
And gentle as the twilight is.

The sun of virtue, while it glows
Resplendent in its midday power,
An ever-during radiance throws
On every distant future hour:
'Tis like the rose, whose beauties fade,
But whose sweet odors, saved by art,
A sphere of wider space pervade,
A fragrance more condensed impart.

O, wretched he whose vanished past
No sunshine for the future leaves;
Whose present is a joyless waste,
Where gloomy disappointment grieves
O'er pleasures palled — o'er hopes destroyed —
Time wasted — tales buried — life
Trifled — neglected — unenjoyed —
'Midst folly's whims and passion's strife.

And life is such a flitting thing,
And joy is such a glancing star,
And such vain sprites, on shadowy wing,
The train of earth's delusions are,
That he who builds his towering schemes
On surge-like bases such as these,
Rears but a pyramid of dreams
Upon the ever-shifting seas.

Alas! the brightest and the best
Of earthly pleasures soon decay;
The sweetest and the loveliest
Glide, like a passing breeze, away.
Yes! e'en like nature's fairest birth,
The flowerets blushing through the dew,
The rude wind sweeps them from the earth —
But not, like flowers, to smile anew.

E'en like the felled, the fallen tree,
That, east or west, in ruin lies —
Crushed by the stroke of destiny,
Man, with the dull dust blended, dies.
But he shall from that bed arise,
Renewed by heaven's eternal spring,
And in the garden of the skies
Bloom in eternal blossoming.

TUESDAY MORNING.

How wisely is the stream of life controlled
In its mild course — exhausted, and renewed ;
When toiling day its hurried tide has rolled,
Comes night's sweet season ; — a vicissitude
Of labor and of rest, — the day rays shine
Upon the mountains, — and I *live again :*
Yet blest it is our spirits to resign
To the calm influence of midnight's reign.
Land of pure freedom — kingdom of repose !
I lay and slept — the day had hid his beam,
And my tired spirit at the evening's close
Slept with the sun — while many a lovely dream
Played with my wandering intellect, and spread
Its softened coloring round me, — and I breathed
In new existence, by bright fancy led
To realms in which eternal garlands wreathed
Th' enfranchised spirit. What a blessedness,
Though for a moment only, to take wing
To the fair regions of eternal peace,
The paradise of everlasting spring,
Whose life source is immortal ! E'en this world
Were a most privileged, most bright abode,
If hence — imagination's wings unfurled

Could sometimes waft th' aspiring soul to God.
Man's hopes and fears may seem confined, to him
Whose vision stretches not o'er mortal things;
But the most distant star's invisible beam,
Or comet in his farthest journeyings,
Or all th' extent which philosophic ken
Has given to infinite space, th' elastic soul
Springs over; these, and more than these, in vain
Her free and untired wanderings would control.
At will, she travels on from sun to sun —
System to system — peoples as she flies
Unnumbered stars — an all-creating one!
Dives into nature's deepest mysteries,
Unlocks the gates of death, and holds communion
With spirits of the tomb; and yet this spark,
So bright and beautiful, is held in union
With mortal clay, — unintellectual, dark,
And seems to perish. It can perish never.
Born of the heavens, again to heaven it speeds
To dwell in its own home — to shine forever,
Divested of its dull and mortal weeds.
Great Being! who hast placed Thy pilgrim here,
In the dull twilight of this shadow land,
O, lead me to that brighter, better sphere,
'Neath the mild influence of Thy guiding hand.
Let me partake Thy gifts, Thy gifts improve;

Enjoy Thy sunshine here, and pluck the flowers
Strewed on my path by Thy benignant love ;
Inhale the freshness of the morning hours,
The fragrance of the evening breeze ; and see
In all things Thy directing spirit, Lord !
Thou in all nature visible — all in Thee :
And hear Thy voice, Thine all-impressive word,
In every sound of air, or earth, or sea ;
For all, O God ! are pregnant with Thy praise ;
And I thus join the general harmony,
And my low song of grateful worship raise.

TUESDAY EVENING.

To Thee, my God ! to Thee I bring
The evening's grateful offering ;
From Thee, the source of joy above,
Flow everlasting streams of love ;
And all the rays of light that shine,
And bless creation, Lord ! are Thine.

From the green valley, glad and gay,
Among whose flowers the zephyrs play,
Up to the azure hill, whose height
And distance bound the far-stretched sight,

Rearing its proud head silently, —
All, all is eloquent with Thee.

And from the little worm, whose light
Shines palely through the shades of night,
Up to the sparkling stars that run
Their evening rounds — or glorious sun,
Rolling his car to twilight's rest, —
All, all in Thee is bright and blest.

The morn, when stepping down the hills —
The noon, which all creation fills
With glory — evening's placid fall —
The twilight — and the raven pall
Of midnight — all alike proclaim
Thy great, Thine all-impressive name.

When in the darkness deep and dull,
The shining stars look beautiful ;
When the blue heavens that we behe'd
Are sprinkled o'er with living gold
And the calm breeze speaks whisperingly —
We hold communion, Lord ! with Thee.

A thousand suns around us rise,
As bright as lamps of paradise ;
While countless stars, commingling, play

In yonder devious milky way ;
And the tall hills and valleys deep
Are wrapped in calm and solemn sleep.

And softly sink night's shades again
Upon the shifting tents of men ;
And welcome is the evening hour,
And sweet the midnight's magic power,
Which through the silence of the air
Visits the heart, and triumphs there.

'Tis still, and darkness' mild control
Revives, renews the wearied soul ;
Its mild, benignant influence
Strengthens again th' exhausted sense ;
And when the morning twilight breaks,
A re-created man awakes.

On the green branch the slumbering bird
Broods calmly — in the woods is heard
Nor voice nor echo — silent all,
Except the untired waterfall,
That seems to glide more sweetly on,
Because its song is heard alone.

But over all — above, below,
We see *Thee* — ever-present Thou .

In every wandering rill that flows,
In every gentle breeze that blows,
In every rising, setting sun,
We trace Thee — own Thee — holy One!
Yes! in the midday's fervid beams,
And in the midnight's shadowy dreams,
In action and repose, we see,
We recognize and worship Thee;
To Thee our worthiest songs would give,
And in Thee die, and to Thee live.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Father! at whose awakening nod
The early daybreak gilds the hills;
'Tis Thine almighty mandate, God!
Which mountain, valley, sea and sod,
With light and joy and glory fills.

To Thee my spirit fain would soar,
To Thee my trusting eye would look,
In holiest confidence adore,
And read with sweetest pleasure o'er
Nature's impressive, varied book.

'Tis Thy benignant hand that sheds
Its light, its wisdom through our breast,
And, like a gentle shepherd, leads
Thy wandering flocks through fruitful meads,
To the calm fold of peace and rest.

The peace which earth hath never given,
The pure, self-sacrificing love,
The joy which flows alone from heaven,
The silent bliss, like summer's even,
The hope which has its shrine above ; —

All these, and more than these, are Thine !
The truth, which has its source in Thee,
Who art all truth ! the strength divine
Of virtue, and the golden mine
Of dignified humanity.

These are Thy gifts ; and these shall be
My pure, habitual offering ;
Accept, great God of purity !
Accept, forgive benignantly,
The imperfect tribute that I bring.

Lord ! when I seek Thy face, I feel
I am but dust — the sprinkled dew

Of morning, — but the towering will
That soars to heaven, is heavenly still —
And man, though clay, is *spirit* too.

Yes ! I can feel that, though a clod
Of the dark vale, there is a *sense*
Of better things — the fit abode
Of *something* tending up to God —
A germ of pure intelligence.

I know not how th' Eternal hand
Has moulded man — but this I know,
That while 'midst earth's strange scenes I stand,
Bright visions of a better land
Go with me still, where'er I go.

And surely dreams so pure, so sweet,
Friendly to hope and joy and worth,
Are not the phantoms of deceit,
Delusions sent to blind, to cheat
The weary, wandering sons of earth.

No ! no such dazzling errors these,
As when in Zara's deserts vast,
The exhausted, panting traveller sees
Bright lakes, that mock his miseries,
And prove but burning sands at last.

If in the breast of man there be
(And sure as he exists there is)
The seed of immortality,
Who bids it grow there? Who but He
Who *destined* him to endless bliss.

My God! we are Thine offspring — time
Is but our infancy — the earth
Our cradle — but our *home* 's a clime
Eternal, sorrowless, sublime —
Heaven is the country of our birth!

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The day is past, night's gentle power renews
Its holy influence o'er created things;
The earth is bathed in evening's gentle dews,
And over man sleep waves its plumy wings.
So rolls life's day of brightness — and its eve
Comes softly stealing, when the pilgrim tires;
We rest upon earth's silent lap, and leave
Its busy cares, to sleep where slept our sires.
Lo! that sweet infant on its mother's breast!
The proud world smiles around him, glad and gay;

But soon that bosom will be soothed to rest —
And death shall sweep that laughing child away.
No place is crowded like the peopled tomb;
Death from his victories reposes never;
Each moment 's pregnant with some mortal's doom,
And hearts are breaking — myriads mourning ever.

Thou God of life! thou Arbiter of death!
Thou wip'st the death sweat from the cold pale brow
Thou listenest to the last departing breath,
And linkest our hereafter to our now.
O let that *now* roll tranquilly along,
Gilded by that *hereafter*. Spirit of love!
Let Thy kind angels round my footsteps throng,
And point my hopes, my thoughts, my prayers above;
And in the bed of sickness — or the tomb
Of desolation, when my ashes rest —
There may these holy visitations come,
Ministering spirits from their regions blest.
And while I linger in this forest dark
Of mortal life, let my aspiring eye
Catch from the heavenly world one smiling spark
To light my onward pilgrimage on high.

Dull is the lightning to the meanest beam,
Which e'en from heaven's extremest bound is driven,

The sun is darkness to one ray from Him
Who kindled all the fires of earth and heaven.
All-kind, all-holy Father! Thou, whose grace
Illumined every star that's hung in air;
Guardian of nature! Thou whose glorious face
Is shadowed forth in all that's bright or fair!
There are ten thousand blessed spirits that roam
O'er this dark world — and voices numberless —
We hear them, but we know not whence they come;
Ten thousand golden harps are strung, and bless
With their soft music the delighted ear —
It is from heaven, and heavenly is its tone —
"Holy!" they cry — those choirs of angels hear!
"Thrice holy One!" they sing, "Thrice holy One!"

THURSDAY MORNING.

Come forth in thy purple robes again,
Thou brightest star of heaven!
Another day the Guardian of men
Has to his children given.
Receive the gift with gratitude;
My soul! to thy Maker ascend,

And bear thy songs to the Source of good,
To thy Father and thy Friend.

Bring Him thy morning tribute meet,
Devotion's offering;
How privileged to hold communion sweet
With thine and creation's King!
I look around, — a thousand things
Enjoy the sunny beam;
And nature her million voices brings
To form an anthem to Him.

O, join the songs of the air, the grove,
And the chorus of the sea;
For, hark! the spirits of light above
Reëcho the harmony.
And see! ten thousand angels smile
Through the firmament's golden doors;
And from silver clouds, heaven's hand the while
Scatters our path with flowers.

The senses indeed must be dark and dull,
That in nature no charms can see;
For beauty's self is not more beautiful
To the eye of piety.
And deaf indeed is the clay-cold ear,

That no sounds of music greet;
Though nought as the music of praise and prayer
Is half so exquisite.

And why should man a distant bliss
So eagerly, fondly chase,
While the holy joys of a world like this
Invite his present embrace?
Are the unknown beings of yonder zone
More privileged than we?
Does a shorter year, or a brighter sun,
Imply felicity?

They may wander perchance in groves of palm,
And dwell in palaces bright;
They may breathe an air as sweet as balm,
And be clad in robes of light;
Yet there, as here, the fatal grave
Will o'er their possessions close;
And the more they hope, and the more they have,
The more they are destined to lose.

O, let our portion content us then,
The portion which God has given;
For man is the fair earth's denizen
And the heritor of heaven.

Above him are gorgeous, golden clouds,
That roll in glory afar;
And the night, which its bosom in darkness shrouds,
Is sprinkled with many a star.

And brighter and fairer than star or sun
Is the light that beams from on high;
A light which conducts its pilgrims on
To the shrine of eternal joy;
And thither our towering thoughts shall soar,
And there the tired spirit shall rest;
While hope bursts open the heavenly door
Of the mansions of the blest.

THURSDAY EVENING.

Calm is the eve, and nature's wasting strength
Is, by the gentle influence of repose,
Repaired, rekindled; — with the morning's dawn,
As if new born the world awakes; and throws
The wearying burden of existence down,
When night invites to rest.

And such new birth
In soul and spirit well beseemeth man;

His grosser part decays and dies away;
Then let him fan that bright, immortal spark,
Glimmering in the recesses of his heart,
That lights up virtue's flame and wisdom's torch —
The torch of heavenly wisdom; — that pure star,
Which shines as sweetly as Aldebaran
Through the dark grating of a prison house;
Guided by this, man shall be free indeed
In the transcendent, glorious liberty
Which our Deliverer wrought and perfected.

He who is born of the corporeal sense,
Is but a heavy, useless mass obscure,
Till lighted by the Spirit, that gives life
And beauty and perfection. Then indeed
A glorious birth succeeds — the power of death
Is broken, and the enfranchised prisoner walks
In the expanse of heaven and blessedness;
So privileged is regenerated man!
His influence is as gentle and as sweet
As that of evening's breath, which silently
Steals over nature — musical its voice,
Unseen its workings, — but upon its wings
Sit cheerfulness and health. The pilgrim feels
Its fresh and honest greeting, and moves on,
Cheered and supported. He has raised a pile

To wisdom, and there worships, and there keeps
Habitual court, and every morn and night
Lights up pure incense at the holy shrine,
And takes another step towards heaven and God.

O Thou! whose light-encircled throne is built
Upon eternity — listen! May his lot
Be Thy now-worshipping servant's; let my path
Thus lead me to Thy presence. Even here
I see Thy glory beaming thence — I hear,
Amidst the harmony of thousand stars,
Some angel voice inviting; — and I feel
As if the garlands of celestial growth
Had touched my forehead. O, transporting dream!
Beautiful visions of that land of joy,
Unveiled by God, and clad in starry light!
O, privileged moment! when the gates of heaven
Glitter resplendently upon my view;
In that soft light so sweetly shining now,
Amidst those visions through the shades of time,
Beneath those stars which so serenely smile —
My heart shall be devoted all to Thee.

FRIDAY MORNING.

TO THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE GOD.

(From the Spanish of Melendez.)

First, Mightiest Deity! Eternal mind!
Revealed — but hidden One!
Thou in a vale of fadeless glory shrined,
Yet to all seen and known!
Holy Jehovah! whose immortal essence
I weigh not, — but confess —
And feel Thine influence, Thy celestial presence,
In all my happiness.
All lives, all breathes, all vegetates in Thee;
Thy power all being gives;
The bird upsoars, the fish divides the sea —
Man understands, and lives.
The farther my inquiring thoughts advance,
The farther dost Thou fly —
And nought I see, but mine own ignorance
And Thine immensity.
Thee, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain,
How should those thoughts embrace?
My feeble reason strives and soars in vain

Thy cloud-wrapped path to trace.
That reason in the infinite recess
Of dazzling light is drowned,
And, blinded in its night of nothingness,
Bows, humbled to the ground.
For if to man to know Thee it were given,
He would be like to Thee;
Would wrest Thy sceptre, and usurp in heaven
Thy throne of majesty.
But Thou art far beyond my knowledge, Lord!
Filling all space — all time.
The first — the last — ungoverned and adored!
Thou mak'st Thy path sublime —
Thou givest motion to the heavens — Thy hand
Pours out the deep, proud sea;
And the adamantine pillars of the land
Are reared and propped by Thee.
Thy way is in th' empyreum — and Thy feet
Tread the eternal hills;
Yet Thy glance visits death's profoundest pit,
And night with brightness fills;
And from that car of light where Thou dost ride,
Thine eye, serene and holy,
Mourns over man's intolerable pride,
Laughs at his towering folly.
But Thou art vaster than the unbounded sky,

And the unfathomed ocean;
Thou art — and wert before eternity —
Before or rest or motion.
How shall I praise Thee? Seraphs, when they bring
The homage of their lyre,
Veil their bright face beneath their flaming wing,
And tremble and retire.
Eternal Majesty — immense abyss!
Light and Infinity!
Canst Thou unveil Thee to a worm like this?
No! 'Tis all dark to me.
Who art Thou? Where? O, condescend to speak,
And let Thy servant hear: —
O, lend me wings — and I my God will seek
Through every rolling sphere.
I'll ask the rapid wind, I'll ask the storm,
I'll ask Orion bright —
"Say, hast thou seen His venerable form,
The shadow of His light?"
I'll meet the comet in his fiery way,
Stay Sirius on his road —
I'll stop the hurrying night, the hastening day,
To tell me — where is God?
I'll ask — forgive my daring, gracious One!
And lead the wanderer home;
O, may I catch one lightbeam from Thy throne,

Through ages yet to come!
For how should earthly dust presume to rise
So daringly, so high?
And how should dim and dying mortal eyes
Bear splendors of the sky?
I cannot bear them; — but I feel and know,
That Thou art every where;
And worms and worlds — the lofty and the low,
All, all Thy power declare;
All, all Thy love proclaim — Thy power and love,
Obvious to every sense;
And heard in all, around, beneath, above,
In varied eloquence.
I see Thee in the flower — I feel Thee still
In every breath of air;
I hear Thee in the music of the rill —
God! Thou art every where.
This is enough all sadness to control,
All doubts and fears to chase;
And to shed over my enraptured soul
The rivers of Thy grace.
To contemplate — enjoy — admire — adore —
And send sweet thoughts towards heaven;
What can an earthly spirit ask for more?
What more to man be given?
Lost in Thy works, — yet full of humble trust,

I close the worthless lay ;
Bow down my reverent forehead in the dust,
And in meek silence pray.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Hour after hour steals rapidly away,
Bearing past pleasures on its airy wings,
E'en like the sunny clouds, which evening's ray
Gilds with ten thousand bright and beauteous things.
Where are the million million actors now
That once this busy scene of being trod ?
All garnered underneath the grassy sod,
Sleeping yon heaps of turf, or stone, below !

'Tis fleeting all, — all false ; — in life's rude sea,
Religion is the only towering rock ;
A thousand ages roll on hurriedly —
It stands unshaken by the billow's shock ;
It stands unshaken. Mountains tottering fall,
Hills bow, — and forests, cities, shrines decay :
There's no security, no staff, nor stay —
Time's mighty curtain must envelop all.
But thou, heaven's daughter, hast in heaven thy throne,

Thy chariot moves with the unclouded sun ;
Thy light, thy strength, immortal and alone,
Roll in their full career of glory on.
What though the door of evening's twilight close ?
What though the voice of death may call aloud ?
In midnight's gloom a star of Eden glows —
A beam of heavenly hope illumes the shroud.

Fulfil thy journey, pilgrim ! all may fade,
Fail, perish round thee — death shall dim thine eye,
Shall freeze thy beating heart —and thou shalt lie
A silent slumberer in the realms of shade ;
Yet faint not, — fear not ! let thy nobler sense
Look upward — it shall see delightful gleams
Smiling from heaven — catch pure intelligence
From realms of truth — and from the idle dreams
Of earth escaping, build a holy fane
To those high principles, unshaken, real,
Towering above these passing scenes ideal,
And chase the flitting clouds of time and pain.

Ours is a faith nurtured and nourished
In the inmost heart — but not imprisoned there —
With holy thoughts and aspirations fed,
The object of its worship always near ;
That object — the all-present Spirit of God —

A Spirit more diffused than is the light,
(For it no twilight knows, nor clouds, nor night,)
Beaming through all — yet fixing its abode
In the recesses of the pious breast.

Ye soft and beautiful dreams! whose origin
Is, when life's day is purest, holiest,
Ere tinged by suffering, or stained by sin;
Growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength,
And glowing in our full maturity,
Till, mingled with our being, they shall be
The link that binds us to our heaven at length.

This world has nought to soothe or satisfy
The spirit, save the lustre it receives
(Like sunbeams glimmering through the dewy eaves)
From the bright influence of eternity.

SATURDAY MORNING.

The sand of another week has run,
All but its last and closing day;
And its few remnant moments soon

The common ruin will sweep away.
Time hurries, as the sparkling ray
That dances on the fleeting stream.
Is life a dream? Ah, if a dream,
A dream of sad reality.
Whether we trace the days gone by,
Or to the cheating future look —
Tis all a dark and gloomy book,
Which vice and folly, stubborn will,
And silent blanks, and sorrow fill.
And so we are driven — driven ever,
Down time's impetuous, wintry river.
One is unchanged — and He alone;
Th' immutable — the glorious One!
His plans are never thwarted — He
For each his destined portion pours;
Drives these along the troubled sea,
Those lands upon the peaceful shores.
Who reads His mysteries? — Who can tell
The deep recesses of His plan? —
Who sees the great Invisible?
Who can unveil a God to man?
None! — but His love to each hath given
A holy visitant from heaven;
A guardian spirit from that sphere,
For an attending angel here; —

'Tis Virtue! and her kingdom stands
Firmly erected in the breast;
O, see her lift her welcoming hands,
And call her children to her rest.
What fear they? Ever onwards prest
From good to better, still improving —
Now their bright thoughts o'er Eden roving,
Now, in the midst of earthly night,
Stretching an anxious, eager eye
To realms of immortality;
And drinking in pure streams of light,
From the eternal fountains flowing;
Gifts of joy on all bestowing —
Wiping off the dewy tear
That drops upon the sufferer's cheek;
Smiling on the pure, the meek,
Like a heavenly comforter;
Through life's discords sweetly breathing
Music, soft as twilight hours;
With the thorny garland wreathing
Lilies, roses, fairest flowers;
Looking beautifully through
All the clouds of grief or scorn,
As the primrose through the dew,
Scattered by the hand of morn:
Now on pinions of the air —

Now on ocean — now on land,
Tracing the Almighty hand
All-directing, every where.
In the blue expanse above —
On earth's robe of green below
Strewing beauty, shedding love:
Stars that shine and flowers that blow,
Rills that musically flow,
Mountains that majestic rise,
Torches, altars, melodies —
All Thou lovest, leadest, lightest:
Thou, of all things holiest, brightest,
Greatest, best! Thy glorious praise
Thus I utter lowly, lonely:
Thou, my God, my Father only —
Thus to Thee I tune my lays!

SATURDAY EVENING.

Through the thick trees the evening breezes speak
And ripple the calm surface of the lake;
And heaven is clad in its star-spangled robe;
While stillness lulls to rest the weary globe;
Thus days and weeks roll on — thus all things tend
Through various issues, to one common end.

Now night resumes her rest-compelling rod,
And all is hushed to soft repose, but God!
Now let my soul direct its flight to *Him*,
And, soaring o'er this shadowy darkness dim,
Reach the loved threshold of His throne divine,
And bring accepted tribute to His shrine.
The week is past — the Sabbath dawn comes on:
Rest — rest in peace — thy daily toil is done;
And standing, as thou standest, on the brink
Of a new scene of being, calmly think
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be —
As one that trembles on eternity.
For sure as this now-closing week is past,
So sure advancing time will close thy last;
Sure as to-morrow, shall the awful light
Of the eternal morning hail thy sight.

Spirit of Good! on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of Thy hand;
That hand which leads me gently, kindly still
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill:
Thou, Thou in every storm hast sheltered me
Beneath the wing of Thy benignity; —
A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,
And I exist — Thy mercy's monument!

A thousand writhe upon the bed of pain —
I live — and pleasure flows through every vein.
Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand —
I, circled by ten thousand mercies, stand.
How can I praise Thee, Father? how express
My debt of reverence, and of thankfulness?
A debt that no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells its vast amount.

For the week's duties Thou hast given me strength,
And brought me to its tranquil close at length;
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to Thy glorious praise:
And if inspired by reverent trust, — and free
From vain presumption, it may reach e'en Thee;
But ah! the least of all Thy gifts exceeds
The best, the holiest of my thoughts or deeds.
Were I but worthy of Thy love! — I will —
If Thy pure Spirit help me to fulfil
This solemn pledge: I will — Thy blessing, Lord,
Shall give a sacred influence to the word,
And hallow and confirm the humble vow —
My Friend, my Father! O, confirm it now!

THIRD WEEK.

AUTUMN.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Of all the gifts conferred by Heaven,
Time is the brightest — is the best;
Through time eternity is given;
By earthly labors — heavenly rest.

While days and weeks pass gently by,
How little do we deem that these
Are germs of immortality —
The buds of mightiest destinies!

Yet not too fondly let us trust
The flitting, fading morning's ray:
All earthly promises are dust;
All earthly pyramids are clay.

Time's visions are but treachery,
Soon wrecked on dark oblivion's wave;
Its paths, however bright they be,
Lead to one common spot — the grave

The grave may bound the views of some —
To me it is no boundary ;
For the dull prison of the tomb
Is but the gate of life to me.

I will not seek my birthright here ;
A few vile pageants — grasp them — they,
Though bright and shining they appear,
Melt into air, and pass away.

My hopes are higher, nobler far —
They are immortal, splendid, bright ;
Pure, lofty as yon morning star,
That shines with clear and holy light.

My thoughts ascend above the earth,
And seek their primal, proud abode ;
The country of their heavenly birth,
The land of peace, of joy, of God.

My mortal robes I'll cast aside,
And there be clad as angels are —
And with the sun in glory ride,
On his fire-girded, dazzling car,

Wherever joy or virtue is —
Farther than eye could e'er discern : —

Strange that a world so mean as this
Should e'er engage my chief concern.

Strange! that these fleeting, fading forms,
Which Heaven has named *immortal men*,
Rising from dust like reptile worms,
So turn to vilest dust again.

Strange! that this nobly-fashioned mould,
In which a very god might dwell,
Should only live to dig for gold —
And perish in its narrow cell.

Strange! when that shining, shifting ore
Is but delusive, dazzling clay —
A shell men grasp — and grasp no more,
E'en while they throw the pearl away.

A higher destiny is mine,
And brighter hopes, and holier cares;
Thoughts stretching on to joys divine;
Hours pregnant with eternal years!

SUNDAY EVENING.

Welcome the hour of sweet repose,
The evening of the Sabbath day!
In peace my wearied eyes shall close
When I have tuned my vesper lay
In humble gratitude to Him
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
In the calm solitude of even,
To hold with Heaven communion meet,
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven;
And, in this wilderness beneath,
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe!

It may be that the Eternal Mind
Bends sometimes from His throne of bliss;
Where should we then His presence find,
But in an hour so blest as this —
An hour of calm tranquillity,
Silent as if to welcome Thee?

Yes! if the Great Invisible,
Descending from His seat divine,

May deign upon this earth to dwell —
Where shall He find a welcoming shrine,
But in the breast of man, who bears
His image, and His spirit shares?

Now let the solemn thought pervade
My soul, — and let my heart prepare
A throne: — Come, veiled in awful shade,
Spirit of GOD! that I may dare
Hail Thee! — nor, like Thy prophet, be
Blinded by Thy bright majesty.

Then turn my wandering thoughts within,
To hold communion, Lord! with Thee:
And, purified from taint of sin
And earth's pollutions, let me see
Thine image, — for a moment prove,
If not Thy majesty, Thy love.

That love which over all is shed —
Shed on the worthless as the just;
Lighting the stars above our head,
And waking beauty out of dust;
And rolling in its glorious way,
Beyond the farthest comet's ray,

To Him alike the living stream
And the dull regions of the grave:
All watched, protected all, by Him,
Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,
In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,
Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten — as the sand
Drops in the hourglass, never still,
So, gathered in by death's rude hand,
The storehouse of the grave we fill;
And sleep in peace, as safely kept
As when on earth we smiled or wept.

What is our duty here? To tend
From good to better — thence to best;
Grateful to drink life's cup, — then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May 'shrine our names in memory's light;

And the blest seeds we scattered, bloom
A hundred fold in days to come.

MONDAY MORNING.

Waked by Thy sun, again my thoughts ascend
To Thee, my heavenly Father! and they blend
In one devotional hymn of praise and prayer.
All-present Being! now the morning air
Is calm, is fragrant with Thy spirit — bright
With the reflected influence of Thy light.
The trees are bending with Thy rich supplies;
It is Thy beauty-giving hand that dyes
The purple grape — that through the vales, the meads,
The many-colored flowers wide-blooming spreads;
Crimsons the downy peach, — and skirts the wood
With many a golden ridge, — and tips the flood
With radiance stolen from heaven; the praise be
Thine,
Father, Creator, Leader, King Divine!
Eternal Source of joy! 'tis *Thou* dost bless
With all we hope for, all that we possess;
When the world sleeps in darkness, Thy pure eye
Looks sweetly out on its obscurity;

Until the awakened sun his standard rears,
And in his glorious crown of light appears
Rising o'er the orient mountains; life, renewed,
Reanimates the busy multitude
That swarm upon earth's bosom. Joy again
Waves her bright wing over the countless train
Of beings, whom Heaven's never-sleeping eye
Watched through the night, and now to the energy
Of day recalls. I bow myself in dust,
And feel Thy awful hand sublime and just,
And own Thy hallowed presence — for I see
O'er all, and in all, Thy benignity.
And I would kiss Thy rod — and to *Thee* fly,
As my best refuge: Thou art ever nigh,
E'en in the shades of earth — and brighter still,
Beyond the summit of that clouded hill
Which veils futurity. Now hear my prayer,
And be Thy staff my guide, my steps Thy care;
Thy call I follow, summon where it may;
Thy hand shall guide, where'er it points the way;
Thy light illumine, and Thy Spirit cheer;
Thine influence, ever active, ever near,
Shall gild the smiling hour with brighter ray,
And give to darkness some sweet gleams of day;
Shall lead us gently through our pilgrimage,
And drop us safely in the lap of age;

And watch our bed of slumber, — and awake
From the grave's dreams, when the great morn shall break
Upon the realms of death — and waft us on,
Borne on faith's pinions, to the Eternal's throne.

MONDAY EVENING.

O God! Thy kingdom is a mansion bright,
Where peace and joy and truth and love and light
Mingle harmoniously; while like a sun
Thine eye of holiness looks sweetly down.
There the heart rests 'midst sacred visions, beaming
From yon side death, — whence tides of splendor streaming,
Bear from Heaven's throne — Heaven's glowing golden seat,
An effluence of glory infinite;
Covering the earth with hope and blessedness,
And wiping the wet eyelids of distress;
Guiding the blind, encouraging the weak,
And teaching even infant tongues to speak
In accents of devotion; those who fall
Upraising, lighting, leading, blessing all.

In the soft stillness of obscurity,
The hour of calm, the hour of ecstasy,
In hope, in memory, in the thoughts that rise
Beyond the clouded mansions of the skies,
In all on earth that's heavenly — all above —
Tempering with earthly memories, earthly love —
Where'er there's joy, Thy shadowed Presence is,
And the whole universe is full of bliss;
For earth is linked to heaven — and all we see
And suffer ripens to felicity.

There is a Spirit o'er creation spread,
Though darkness draw its curtains round our head,
And sorrow's streams flow at our mortal feet, —
There is a Spirit, sanctified and sweet,
That breathes of other scenes and holier things,
Broods o'er the earth with healing on its wings,
And is an angel-messenger from heaven:
There is a Spirit to our spirits given,
Which holds communion with our nobler part,
That sheds a hallowed influence on our heart;
Gives pinions to our thoughts, and to our prayers,
And harmonizes all our doubts and cares
To meek submission — an Intelligence
That gladdens with its living influence
All space, all time, — and trains our earthly eye
To bear the blaze of immortality.

As in the silence of a cloudless night
The gentle moon disperses her soft light
Through the low murmuring trees, which evening's gale
Plays on in sportiveness 'midst shadows pale,
And the earth sleeps beneath the sway serene
Of midnight's chaste and glory-circled queen ;
So, in the calm of holiness, the soul
Reposes 'neath religion's blest control,
Lighted with radiance from a higher sphere ·
Nor shall that radiance e'er desert us here,
Till all our earthly labors shall be done,
And we be gathered homeward one by one.

TUESDAY MORNING.

The stars have sunk in yon concave blue,
And the sun is peeping through the dew ;
Thy Spirit, Lord ! doth nature fill —
Before Thee angels' tongues are still,
And seraphs hush their golden strings
In Thy high presence, King of kings !
How then shall I, a clod of clay,
Or lift my voice, or tune my lay ?

Thou ! who the realms of space and time
Dost people with Thy might sublime ;
Whose power is felt below, above,
Felt in Thy wisdom, in Thy love ;
Whose awful voice is heard around,
Heard in its silence as its sound ;
Whose lovely Spirit doth pervade
Alike the sunshine and the shade,
And shines and smiles in sorrow's night
As clearly as in pleasure's light.
Thou in the evening's silence deep
Cradlest the weary world in sleep ;
And, when the sun mounts o'er the hill,
Call'st us our duties to fulfil.

'Tis Thou who o'er the billowy sea
Dost ride in awful majesty,
Walkest sublime on the winds, and greetest
The spirit of day, when, fairest and sweetest,
It fills the bosom of nature with bliss —
In moments as calm and holy as this.
We see Thee then in light arrayed,
Dispersing all the twilight's shade,
Tuning the music of the bee,
Painting the flowers' variety,
Waking the thousand smiles that are playing

On morning's cheeks, — and viewless straying,
With the mild breeze, over hill and plain,
Turning to gold the autumnal grain,
Giving the rose its blushing hue,
Changing to diamonds drops of dew,
Gathering the vapors from the main,
Scattering them o'er the earth again :
Then it is that nature's throng
Join in the joyous, general song ;
Then Thy Spirit shines brighter, clearer,
Then Thy voice speaks softer, nearer ;
Then Thy sun would seem to wear
His festival robes of beauty rare,
And all creation, glad and gay,
Revels as in a holiday.

Lord ! Thou hast thunders — but they sleep ;
Storms — but they now their prisons keep :
Nothing is breathing below, above,
But the spirit of harmony, joy and love ;
Nothing is seen or heard around,
But beauty's smiles, and music's sound,
Music reëchoed in earth and air,
Beauty that's visible every where :
Join the concert — share the joy ;

Why should the cares of earth alloy
Pleasures which Heaven itself has given,
Heavenly pleasures which lead to heaven?

TUESDAY EVENING.

Stillness reigns — the vapors steal
Slowly down the mountain's brow,
And the evening shadows veil
Nature's face of brightness now;
Flowers put off their glorious dress,
All the morning smiles are fled,
Earth is wrapped in loneliness
And the silence of the dead.

Thus beneath the hand of God
Nature wakes and sleeps; but still
All-obedient to His nod,
All-submissive to His will.
So we flourish, so we fade:
Drinking now life's cup of joy,
Now on nature's bosom laid,
Treasured for eternity.

All is mortal but the soul,
Whose undying energy
Spurns the fettering world's control,
And upsoars, my God, to Thee.
When life's evening twilight shrouds
All our thoughts with care and gloom,
Then Thy sunshine breaks the clouds
Gathered o'er the wintry tomb.

Desolate the path appears
To the dim and distant eye;
Yet that path of darkness bears
Flowers of immortality.
O'er it shine eternal lamps;
And the mists, so dark that seem,
Are like morning's chilly damps
Heralding the sunny beam.

Father! Thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has Thy hand of love supplied;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope Thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray ;
Every moon that shines serene ;
Every morn that welcomes day ;
Every evening's twilight scene ;
Every hour which wisdom brings ;
Every incense at Thy shrine ;
These — and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are Thine.

And for all my hymns shall rise
Daily to Thy gracious throne ;
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, righteous One !
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

All besides is weak indeed,
Dreams of folly — baseless hope ;
Earth is but a broken reed ;
Heaven the best, the only prop.
Who would live to raise on earth
Some frail pile of dust — and die ?
Man is of immortal birth,
Living for eternity.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Extinguished is the last lone star,
The shadows of night are gone,
And lo! in the east, day's golden car
Is filled by the glorious sun.
And list! for a thousand voices call —
The spirits of life and love —
Attune your hymns to the Father of all,
The Sovereign who reigns above.

'Tis He who opens the eastern gates,
Who kindles the morning's ray;
'Tis He whose spirit all animates,
And the darkness and the day.
All the glories of the field are His,
All the music of the sky;
The light of hope, and the smile of bliss,
And nature's song of joy.

His temple is yon arch sublime,
Its pillars the eternal hills;
His chorus the solemn voice of time,
Which all creation fills.
His worshippers are the countless train

Which the lap of nature bears,
And the boisterous wind, and the raging main,
And the silence of the spheres.

He rides unseen on the hurrying storm,
He sits on the whirlwind's car;
He wraps in clouds His awful form,
And travels from star to star.
A thousand messengers wait His will,
A million heralds fly,
His glorious mandates to fulfil,
On the wing eternally.

He smiles — and worlds spring forth to birth,
And suns in new glory rise;
He frowns — and darkness clads the earth,
And mantles the frighted skies.
Dost thou think He speaks in the thunder's roar,
Or shines in the lightning's beam?
Vain man! no thought of thine can soar
To any conception of Him.

His strength nor perishing tongue can tell,
Nor immortal hymns rehearse;
'Tis high as the heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And wide as the universe:

The ocean to Him is a dewdrop small,
The mountains an atom of sand;
And the sun and the stars, and this earthly ball,
Are dust in His mighty hand.

And O, can a Being so great as He
Bend down to the earth His ear?
Can children of clay, so frail as we,
In His awful presence appear?
O, yes! to His throne even we may rise;
To us is His promise given,
For a broken heart is a sacrifice
Which will find its way to heaven.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The evening star is aloft in heaven,
Palely it shines alone;
And nought is awake in the eye of even,
But the never-sleeping One.
He mildly looks from His throne sublime,
Higher than mortal ken,
On the strange vicissitudes of time,
And stranger follies of men.

From thence our insolent race He scans;
They flutter and pass away,
And all their pursuits and all their plans
Are e'en more fragile than they.
They build vain visions of hope, and all,
All for their own undoing;
They raise the pile of folly — and fall
Buried beneath its ruin.

Is all then folly? O, Heaven forbid!
Is all delusive beneath?
No! virtue may build her pyramid,
Peace twine her myrtle wreath.
Is all then darkness, all despair, —
Is all then discord? No!
Earth has joys as bright as sunbeams are;
There's music of heaven below.

Follow yon holy pilgrim there;
His path is as clear as day;
A thousand angels hovering near
To guide him on his way;
Though mountains tremble and rocks should break,
He is firmer far than they;
If he slumber, his spirit shall soon awake
To a glorious morning's ray.

Our bark is driven by joy and woe
O'er the ever-changing wave,
And the moon which lights our footsteps now,
Will shine upon our grave.
And then forever the glorious one
Shall sink in the tomb-like main;
O, blest, if a brighter, purer sun
Shall beam on our rising then!

Great day! when a million lamps shall shine,
With heavenly ether blaze;
When a thousand rainbows of light divine
Shall arch the eternal space.
Above the highest worshipper,
On His star-encircled throne
He sits — whose hand shall then confer
On merit its amaranth crown.

The meekest servant, the humblest son
Of virtue, His smile shall bless;
And shall put a wreath of glory on
The spirit of lowliness.
The children of pomp and wealth and pride
Shall be met with a cold disdain;
There's many a slave shall be deified,
And many a scorned one reign.

There are eyes that have never shed a tear
Of sympathy or distress,
That shall weep and wail for ages there
In trembling hopelessness.
There are cheeks that misery's dewdrops now
Have furrowed with agony,
That then shall be bright with the holy glow
Of eternal felicity.

Then let the sands of existence fall,
The current of life flow fast;
Our times are in God's own hand, and all,
All will be well at last.
If bitterness dreg our earthly cup,
If sorrow disturb our career,
Eternity's joys can well fill up
The chasms of suffering here.

THURSDAY MORNING.

The orient is lighted with crimson glow,
The night and its dreams are fled,
And the glorious roll of nature now
Is in all its brightness spread.

The autumn has tinged the trees with gold,
And crimsoned the shrubs of the hills;
And the full seed sleeps in earth's bosom cold,
And hope all the universe fills.

Hope gladdens the world with its living ray,
And smiles serenely on all;
It scatters a thousand charms in its way
Over this earthly ball:
It has streams of peace and joy and love,
To water this valley of death;
And brings the flowers of heaven from above
For virtue's undying wreath.

O, say, hast thou watched the maternal care,
Smiling on infancy?
O, say, hast thou seen the joy-born tear,
Bright in a mother's eye?
Hast thou marked the babe on her bosom mild,
Slumbering in innocence yet?
O, she may forget that lovely child;
But God can never forget.

That God in His equal scales hath weighed
Our share of evil and good;
He hath blended our portions of light and shade

In a wise vicissitude.
He has tempered our sunshine with sober gloom,
Lest its glare should dazzle our sense ;
And has given a warning voice to the tomb,
To summon our thoughts from hence.

To Thee will I look, in Thee confide,
For my times are in Thy right hand ;
And O, to my spirit be sanctified
Whatever Thy wisdom has planned.
My heart shall never 'gainst Thee rebel,
My soul no murmurer be ;
For all is conducted wisely, well,
Since all is conducted by Thee.

O, ne'er be that Father forgotten by me,
Who never His children forgot ;
The fountain of wisdom and virtue is He,
To each He apportions his lot.
He is light and knowledge and purity ;
We, darkness and doubt alone :
The fragile children of dust are we,
And He — the Eternal One !

His years decay not — He sits sublime
On eternity's glowing car ;

His ages are measured not by time,
And the days that departed are
Add nothing to His existence; nought
Shall be added by coming years:
But here man's utmost stretch of thought
Helpless and vain appears.

Our days like the leaves of autumn fall;
And yet a few mornings more,
And the bell shall toll for our funeral,
And the dream of life be o'er.
The sun may in clouds and storm descend,
And the shades of night appear;
My Father is there, my heavenly Friend;
O, what should my spirit fear?

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

(From the Spanish of MELENDEZ.)

WHERE'ER I turn my restless eye,
Wandering from earth to heaven, from sphere to sphere,
Great God! I feel Thy present Deity,
Every where feel Thee — Thou art every where.

Yes! Thou art there — above the empyreum high,
Veiled all in light:
Filling creation with Thy presence bright,
With the proud splendor of Thy majesty.
The little flower that grows
Beneath me; the gigantic mountain steep,
Whose brow is covered with eternal snows,
Whose roots are planted in the deep;
The breeze that murmuring blows
Among the green leaves, rustling in the sun.
And yonder glorious star, advancing on,
Gladdening earth, heaven, and all things as he goes;
These tell me that 'tis Thou
Who giv'st that sun his brightness — Thou whose wing,
Upon the rapid whirlwind journeying,
From the Aurora to the West doth go;
And that the mountain's towering height
Is Thy majestic throne;
And that the flower which breathes and blooms alone,
Breathes, blooms in Thy pure sight.
'Tis Thine immensity
Which compasses all this, and more; confessed,
As in the greatest, — in the least;
Atom — or comet, blazing through the sky:
Thine is the circling robe
Of darkness — Thine the subtle veil

Of the opening morning pale,
When first she throws her glories o'er the globe.
And when the spring descends
On the wide world, and decks her joyous bowers,
Thou smilest gently in her loveliest flowers:
Thy spirit with their sweetest odors blends.
When the red Sirius bears
His burning ardors through the summer hour,
Thy breezes play among the swelling ears,
And calm and temper his too furious power.
I seek the leafy shade,
And Thou art there; among the welcoming trees
I feel Thy visitings in the freshened breeze;
My spirit rests — my cares, my sorrows fade.

Then a religious fear
Troubles my bosom — and I hear a sound:
"Humbly adore Him here,
In this mysterious solitude profound."
Thou art upon the mighty waves
Of the deep sea; and Thou dost bind
The bursting fury of the wind —
Or let it loose, when the wild tempest raves.
Where'er I go, where'er I turn,
I see Thee, feel Thee! — in the flowery mead,
As in the starry field above our head,

Where such unnumbered torches burn.
Thou art the God of atoms — as of suns!
Of the poor, perishing worm
That in the dust the eye of mortals shuns;
Or angels pure, who veil their dazzled form
Before Thee! — Thou dost hear the hymn
Of this Thy lowly worshipper; of the poor
And innocent lamb the bleatings — as the roar
Of the fierce lion, — or of seraphim
The anthem; and to all beneficent
Thou bendest down Thine ear, and givest
Their destined portion. Thou, who reignest, livest
Eternally, the offering I present
Accept in mercy, — mercifully view
This transitory being, — let me stand
As ever in Thy presence — see Thy hand
In all things, and in all Thy wisdom too.
Fill up my mounting soul
With holy ardor, — that where'er I tread,
Like Thee I may a blessed influence shed,
And own Thee, trace Thee through the extended whole
Of the wide universe. The race of man
Are all Thy sons — the Tartar, Laplander,
Rude Indian, and the sunburnt African —
Thine image all — and all my brethren are.

FRIDAY MORNING.

This is the day when prejudice and guilt
The blood of innocence and virtue spilt!
'Twas in those orient Syrian lands afar,
O'er whose high mountains towers the morning star;
Lands now to tyranny and treachery given,
But then the special care and charge of Heaven;
Lands, now by ignorance and darkness trod,
Then shining brightest in the light of God!

Holiest and best of men! 'twas there thou walkedst,
There with thy faithful, privileged followers talkedst;
Privileged indeed, listening to truth divine
Breathed from a heart, and taught by lips, like thine!

He that from all life's strange vicissitude
Drew forth the living, hidden soul of good;
And in the strength of wisdom, and the might
Of peaceful virtue, fought and won the fight:
His armor righteousness — his conquering sword
A spiritual weapon — his prophetic word
The arms of truth, — his banners from above —
His conquests meekness, and his warfare love.
He stands a pillar 'midst his children; grace

And majesty and truth illume his face ;
He bows his head and dies ! The very rock
Is rent, and Zion trembles at the shock !
But though he dies, he triumphs — and in vain
Would unbelief oppose his conquering reign ;
A reign o'erspreading nature — gathering in
Kindreds and nations from the tents of sin
To virtue's temple. O, how calm, how great,
A death like this ! Come, then, and venerate
Your Savior and your King. All hail ! All hail !
The songs of gratitude shall fill the vale,
And echo from the mountains, and shall rise
In one consenting tribute to the skies.

Sow then, thy seed — that seed will spring, and give
Rich fruits and fairest flowers, that will survive
All chance, all change : and though the night may
come,
And though the deeper darkness of the tomb,
A sun more bright than ours shall bid them grow,
And on the very grave hope's buds will blow,
And blow like those sweet flowers that, plucked, ne'er
lose
Their freshness, nor their fragrance, nor their hues.

Now the day calls us with its eloquent ray ;
O, let us toil unwearied while 'tis day,

For the night cometh, all enveloping
But virtue, that on spiritual soaring wing
Flies to its rest! 'Tis but a pilgrim here,
Shaping its course towards a better sphere,
Where its own mansion is; yet, in its flight,
Dropping from its pinions healing and delight;
And from the darkest shades, like some fair star
Of midnight, scattering beams of light afar.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Father! Source of light and love!
Thou, whose throne of majesty,
Fixed yon thousand suns above,
Gladdens all the earth with joy:
Mercy-streaming, promise-beaming,
Let Thy praise my soul employ.

What is man, that he should share
Goodness bright and blest as Thine?
What is man, that heavenly care,
Heavenly kindness, power divine,
Ever-guiding, joy-betiding,
Should be his, and should be mine?

From this narrow vale of clay
Let me waft my thoughts to Thee ;
Soar from night to heavenly day,
And in Thy benignity
Seek my pleasures — hoard my treasures :
Earth can be no home to me.

On Thy holy name I call ;
At Thy sacred footstool stand ;
All sprung forth from good — and all
Tends to good beneath Thy hand :
Streams the purest, joys the surest,
Flow and smile at Thy command.

When the earth is clad in gloom,
And the dark clouds coldly frown,
Nature — like a wintry tomb
Wrapped in mists — its brightness gone,
Lustre-shedding, pleasure-spreading,
Then Thy sun shines out alone.

Gray mists gather o'er the waves,
Dry leaves rustle in the rain,
Visions haunt the hilly graves,
And death's hourglass turns again.
Solemn warning — night and morning,
To the careless crowds of men.

Know ye how, ye idle ones!
Sporting by the torrent's side,
Know ye how existence runs
To the eternal ocean's tide,
Bliss-alloying, hope-destroying,
Scattering joy in ruins wide?

Careless wanderer, ne'er forget
All the dangers threatening o'er;
Do hope's dreams delude thee yet?
Soon they shall delude no more:
Hope is faithless, tired and breathless
Oft 'tis wrecked on sorrow's shore.

Hope, that builds its airy schemes
On time's transitory star,
Revels in delusive dreams,
Which an *ignis fatuus* are;
Ever smiling, and beguiling,
Still misleading pilgrims far.

But the hope, the faith, whose tower
Stands upon heaven's arches high,
Well supported by the power
Of eternal prophecy,
Firm-erected, heaven-protected,
Never can in ruins lie.

SATURDAY MORNING.

The sun comes forward in his purple robe
From the dark chambers of the tranquil night!
The smiles of morning gild the gladdened globe,
And all the world is bathed in liquid light.
Now love and pleasure sing their choral song;
And, springing to a renovated birth,
A thousand spirits of joy and music throng
The wide, magnificent expanse of earth;
As fresh as if the intelligent Former's hand
Had waked its earliest smile of bliss to-day;
Bright as if even now the enamelled land
First sprung to being 'neath His living ray.
So rises nature from her nightly sleep,
Joyous, — till evening's darkening shades descend,
And then she sinks again in silence deep;
Emblem of man! whose hurried footsteps tend
With daily impulse towards the welcoming tomb.
Father! to Thee my eager spirit turns,
While joy and gratitude my path illume,
And with rekindled praise my bosom burns;
Mine eye looks far beyond the stars; I breathe
The breath of heaven; angels of peace, of light,

Wave their wings o'er me — and the vale of death
Is with Thy radiance beautiful and bright.

Yes! Father! all that's lovely is from Thee;
All that is pure and excellent is Thine.
Praise Him, thou morning sun of majesty!
Thou moon of midnight, in His glory shine!
Him worship, thou fair stream of life! adore
His name, thou sad machinery of decay!
Sing His high praise, ye planets shining o'er!
Ye worms of dust, come, join the general lay!
My soul shall speak Thy glory — hymn more sweet
Never inspired the lyre; and never seer
Nor prophet sought a theme more pure, more meet,
And never pilgrim, saint, nor worshipper,
Found a sublimer thought to dwell upon:
Thy glory! — 'tis a thought absorbing all —
E'en like the splendid, ever-radiant sun,
Scattering the mists that with the morning fall.

And thus let week on week roll swiftly by;
Each in its hurrying career must bring
Our spirits nearer to eternity;
And every moment in its course shall fling
Some mortal vestments down — until at last,
Hope smiling sweetly through the future hours,

And joyous memory gilding all the past,
The soul shall reach those amaranthine bowers
Which dawn upon the dreaming poet's eye;
And, resting there on immortality,
Drink in the stream of never-dying joy.

SATURDAY EVENING.

The cold wind strips the yellow leaf;
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us;
All nature wears her garb of grief;
While day's fair book is closed before us.

The songs have ceased, — and busy men
Are to their beds of silence creeping;
The pale, cold moon looks out again
On the tired world so softly sleeping.

O, in an hour so still as this,
From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,
I'll consecrate an hour to bliss —
To meek devotion's holy feeling;

And rise to Thee — to Thee, whose hand
Unrolled the golden map of heaven;

Mantled with beauty all the land;
Gave light to morn and shade to even.

Being, whose all-pervading might
The laws of countless worlds disposes;
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light —
Their beauty to the blushing roses.

Thou, Ruler of our destiny!
With million gifts hast Thou supplied us,
Hidden from our view futurity,
Unveiling all the past to guide us.

Though dark may be earth's vale, and damp,
A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,
And immortality's pure lamp
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

And in the silence of the scene
Sweet tones from heaven are softly speaking,
Celestial music breathes between,
The slumbering soul of bliss awaking.

Short is the darkest night, whose shade
Wraps nature's breast in clouds of sadness;

And joy's sweet flowers, that seem to fade,
Shall bloom anew in kindling gladness.

Death's darkness is more bright, to him
Who looks beyond in visions holy,
Than passion's fires, or splendor's dream,
Or all the glare of sin and folly.

The silent tear, the deep-fetched sigh,
Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,
Are dearer than pomp's revelry,
Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot;

Smiles from a conscience purified,
Far lovelier than the fleeting glory
Conferred in all a monarch's pride,
Embalmed in all the light of story.

This joy be ours — our weeks shall roll —
And let them roll — our bark is driven
Safe to its harbor — and our soul
Awaking, shall awake in heaven.

FOURTH WEEK.

WINTER.

SUNDAY MORNING.

God of the morning! Thou, the Sabbath's God!
Round whose bright footsteps thousand planets roll:
A million beings at Thy mighty nod
Are born; — and perish as they reach their goal.
How great art Thou! — an unimagined deep
Of wisdom and of power! — Thy laws how sure —
Thy way how full of mystery! — Thou dost keep
Thy court among the heavens, sublime and pure
And unapproachable: the tired eye breaks
Ere it can reach Thee. — Who can fathom Thee?
Who read Thy counsels? Thought exhausted seeks
Thy path in vain. 'Tis o'er the mighty sea,
On the tall mountain, in the rushing wind,
And the mad tempest. — In a cloudy car,
Wrapped in thick darkness rides th' Eternal Mind
O'er land and ocean, and from star to star.
Hast thou not seen Him in His proud career.
Or heard His awful voice? O, look around,
For He is always visible, always near,

Listen to His eloquent words, in every sound
Of zephyr, waterfall, or birds, or bees,
Or thousand songs, these sweet and those sublime;
All nature's intellectual harmonies,
And the soft music of the stream of time.
See Him in the vernal beauty of the flower,
In the ripe glory of the autumnal glow;
In summer's rich and radiant festal hour,
In winter's purest, fairest robes of snow:
There art Thou! — not in temples built by the hand
Of vanity — by the unproductive toil
Of the hot brow, or by the fierce command
Of tyrants, or with shame-collected spoil.
Thy temple is the universe! Thy throne
Raised on the stars: Thy light is every where:
And ceaseless music hymns th' Eternal One
All-eloquent — nor can the listening ear
Mistake that homage, which all time, all space,
Pours forth to Thee; and shall while worlds endure.
Who sees not Thy bright smile in Nature's face?
Who Thy high spirit, beautiful and pure,
Marks not throughout existence? All we have
And all we hope for is Thy gift: and man
Without Thee is a faint and fettered slave,
Driven by the winds of passion, without plan
Or purpose, or pursuit becoming: — Thou
Art great, and great are all Thy works, and great

Shall be Thy praise. Before Thy throne we bow;
To Thee our prayers, our vows we consecrate.

O Thou Eternal Being! clad in light,
I in the dust before Thy presence fall,
And ask for wisdom in Thy hallowed sight,
To lead my steps to Thee. How calmly all
Sleeps in the stillness of the Sabbath morn,
As if to sanctify the sacred day!
The spirit of peace, on the mild zephyrs borne,
Glides gently on the tranquil morning's ray;
And in a solemn pause all nature seems
To feel the present Deity; He speaks
In the twilight melodies — smiles in the fair beams
Which from His locks the star of morning shakes.
Heaven is His canopy, His footstool earth,
A thousand worlds His throne! O Lord, to Thee,
Holiest and mightiest! Source of light, of worth,
Be praise and glory through eternity!

SUNDAY EVENING.

Sweetly is the Sabbath fled,
Day of peace and rest to me;

"Let Thy name be hallowed."
Now my spirit soars to Thee.
Darkness deep, or distance wide,
Cannot man from God divide.

O'er heaven's thousand burning lamps
Towers Thy glorious palace high;
Through the evening's twilight damps,
O'er the morning's splendent sky,
From the orient to the west,
Thou art present, Mightiest!

Wisdom sees Thee shining brightly
In the starry worlds above;
Virtue hears Thee speaking nightly
From those orbs of light and love;
Smiling youth and hoary age
Praise Thee in their pilgrimage.

Whereso'er Thy name is known —
Every where — an altar stands
Raised to Thee, the Eternal One,
By devotion's holy hands;
Thou art an undying flame,
Shining through all time the same.

Piety, Thy favorite child,
Gently leads our hearts to Thee ;
Virtue, like an angel mild,
Heralded by piety,
Guides us with her torches bright,
Through time's solitary night.

Hallowed be Thy holy name,
Lord of spirits and of men ;
Ne'er may virtue's sacred flame
Die within our souls again ;
But conduct Thy pilgrims on
To Thy high and heavenly throne.

Be our journey short or long,
Yet we know not ; — but we know,
Days and weeks and ages throng
Time's unintermitting flow ;
And to-morrow, or to-day,
Shall our bark be swept away.

Roll, thou ever-flowing tide ;
We, upon the billows driven,
O'er the mighty stream shall ride
To the peaceful port of heaven ;

There no shipwrecks strew the shore,
There nor waves nor tempests roar.

Trim we then our little sail;
Calmly let us onward steer;
Blow, thou heaven-directing gale!
Ocean, waft the mariner!
See thy haven, see thy home;
Come, thou weary traveller, come!

MONDAY MORNING.

And so the active week again
Its course begins — and so renewed,
Our moments' busy multitude,
Falling like rapid drops of rain,
Sink in the grave; and so we die;
The woods will have lost their harmony,
Life's sun sink down in the gloomy west —
The beauty that gladdened the eye is faded,
The spirit of joy is hushed to rest,
The smiles which delighted the soul are shaded,
The stars of heaven are clouded,
And the glorious brightness of day;

And he who on rapture's bosom lay,
In the funeral bier is shrouded.
Peace smiled from her sanctuary,
She smiled — but smiles no more ;
For the grave has closed its prison door
On the pilgrim weak and weary.
In frowns and storms the morning calls ;
And man, who was yesterday glad and gay
As the evening ephemera,
Like the ephemera falls.

Long and sweet is the tired one's sleep ;
But calmer his sleep and softer his bed
Whose pillow is made of the grave-clod deep,
With the green grass over his head.
Curtained is he by the vapor's damp,
Lulled by the song of the even ;
Lighted is he by the pale moon's lamp,
Watched by the eye of Heaven.
Others may hear the heavy bell toll,
Others the funeral train may see ;
He hears no dirge for his slumbering soul,
He is sleeping tranquilly.
There let him rest, — he toiled a while,
And now he throws off his burden of toil.
There is a world whose cares, like this,

Can never disturb the calm of bliss,
Where He, who is the great light of all,
In His own peculiar glory shineth ;
Who turned in His hand this worldly ball,
And its hopes and its memories sweetly entwineth.
He raised heaven's azure arch sublime
On pillars of strength that totter never ;
Man is the victim of death, of time,
Thou remainest the same forever.
These shall perish, while Thou endurest,
These as a vestment shalt Thou change ;
Thou remainest strongest, surest,
Through eternity's endless range.
Thou Thyself art Eternity —
'Tis but another name for Thee !
Suns may be darkened, and planets shake,
Earthquakes may stony mountains break,
Comets may swallow up the sea ;
But Thou, unmoved as the splendid sun,
This sandy desert shining on,
Lookest on creation and decay,
And still pursuest Thy glorious way,
Wrapped in Thine own immensity.

What should we fear ? waking or sleeping,
Man is alike in Thy holy keeping.

Let him not shrink, though his bark be driven
By the mad storm — let nought alarm him ;
The tempest may burst, but cannot harm him ;
Safely he steers to his port in heaven.
God is around us, o'er us, near us,
What have his children then to fear ?
Is He not always present to hear us,
Willing to grant, as willing to hear ?

MONDAY EVENING.

The night has thrown its shadows o'er the land,
And rest revisits nature. — Evening's train,
With day's extinguished torches in their hand,
Have passed the twilight's western gates again.
On the damp hills the stars are glittering,
The mists are hanging round the forests deep,
While from their silver thrones the cold frosts fling
Their fetters o'er the vanquished earth — and keep
The streams in icy bondage. Happy he
Who to his bed of slumber can retire,
To rest in sweet and sound tranquillity ;
While untormented by a vain desire,

Or a reproaching spirit, he may dwell
Securely and serenely. To the good
The conscience is a fearless citadel,
Where nought of doubt or danger can intrude.
The darkness mantles him, — and till the hour
When sleep upon his eyelids sinks, he takes
Sweet counsel with that ever-present Power
Who out of night His robes of brightness makes;
And from beyond this narrow-bounded vale,
Watered by tears — by vapors curtained round —
And canopied in clouds — his thoughts can hail
That awful Majesty whose light is found
Descending and pervading the pure heart
That seeks His presence, while its cheering glow
A lustre and a smile of light impart
To all the shades of solitude and woe.

Though the earth tremble at Thy coming, Lord!
Thy children may approach Thee — may adore;
There is salvation, Father! in Thy word,
And Thy diffusive Spirit shining o'er
Earth's valley, makes earth cheerful. In its rays
We move rejoicing onwards — bent beneath
The burden of our nothingness, we praise
And magnify Thy name. In life, in death,
Alike we see Thy glory. From Thy throne

Rivers of strength and life roll forth, that lave
All the created world. On Thee alone
The world and all its tribes depend. The grave
Has for Thy love a tongue. E'en as the night
Its starry garlands and its hymns — I hear,
I hear the voices of the sons of light,
Blending and circling round from sphere to sphere.
Each star a chord of music — a wave's flow
In the majestic sea of song that rolls
In ceaseless tides of harmony, which know
No rest — no discord. There departed souls
Join the eternal chorus. Thence they speak
To us poor pilgrims wandering still on earth —
They bid us soar above earth's vale — and seek
The country where our holier parts had birth,
And whither they are tending. Father! thither
My eager heart aspires — and when this scene
Fades round me — and its passing flowerets wither —
There let me rest rewarded and serene.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Almighty One! I bend in dust before Thee,
Even so veiled cherubs bend; —

In calm and still devotion I adore Thee,
All-wise, all-present Friend!
Thou to the earth its emerald robes hast given,
Or curtained it in snow;
And the bright sun, and the soft moon in heaven,
Before Thy presence bow.

Thou in Thy wisdom spread'st the map of nature,
That map so fair and bright;
Rearedst the arch of heaven — on every creature
Pouring its streams of light.
Thou feed'st with dew the early spring rose glowing,
Quickenest the teeming sea;
Thine is the storm through the dark forest blowing,
Thine, heaven's soft harmony.

Thine is the beam on ocean's bosom glancing,
Thine is the thunder cloud,
Thine are the lamps that light our steps, advancing
To the tomb's solitude.
Thou speakest — and all nature's pregnant bosom
Heaves with Thy mighty breath;
Thou frownest — man, even like a frost-nipped blossom,
Drops in the lap of death.

A thousand worlds which roll around us brightly,
Thee in their orbits bless;
Ten thousand suns which shine above us nightly,
Proclaim Thy righteousness.
Thou did'st create the world — 'twas Thy proud mandate
That woke it unto day;
And the same Power that measured, weighed, and spanned it,
Shall bid that world decay.

Thou Power sublime! whose throne is firmly seated
On stars and glowing suns;
O, could I praise Thee — could my soul elated
Waft Thee seraphic tones;
Had I the lyres of angels — could I bring Thee
An offering worthy Thee,
In what bright notes of glory would I sing Thee
Blest notes of ecstasy!

Here is my song, a voice of mortal weakness
Just breathing from my breast;
A mingled song of worthlessness and meekness
And feeble hope, at best.
In heaven that voice, up to Thy throne ascending,
Should speak as angels speak,

And joy and confidence and glory blending,
Thy seat of light should seek.

Eternity! Eternity! — how solemn,
How terrible the sound!
Here, leaning on Thy promises — a column
Of strength — may I be found.
O, let my heart be ever Thine, while beating,
As when 'twill cease to beat;
Be Thou my portion — till that awful meeting,
When I my God shall greet.

TUESDAY EVENING.

The earth again puts on its evening dress;
And wakening yon innumerable stars,
A twilight, milder than the eye of day
And fairer than the calm of night, is spread
O'er universal nature; from above
Shadows descend, solicitous to veil
The sins of the reposing world; — to soothe
Hearts bearing with anxiety, — to lull
The tumults of ambition. — quell the thirst
Of greedy avarice, — and to cheat the care

Of wantonness, that crowns its head with thorns.
The perjured tongue, the rapine-scheming head,
The murderous hand, the vile and counterfeit heart,
The eye that sheds false tears — thou, darksome night!
Veil in thy charity — be the o'erarching tomb,
Though for a moment, to the mass of sins
Which morn, alas! shall wake again, — and day
Let loose like bandits on the unsheltered world.
And O, if in the visions of the night
A ministering angel might descend, — a voice
Be heard in the still silence, to recall
Those wanderers to the fold of blessedness!
Yet midnight shade, though dark and deep it be,
Will hide them not from Him, to whom the gloom
Is bright as noontide. Let the solemn thought
Come o'er my soul, that even as now in sleep,
So shall we lay us down in death, ere long,
And for a gloomier season. Kings and slaves
Shall then repose upon the selfsame bed,
That bed the cold clods of the valley. There,
There must all sleep, seed in the bosom of earth,
To shoot as weeds or flowers, when the fair spring
Of immortality shall dawn; and then
Be gathered with the general harvest in,
And garnered in the stores of heaven, — or swept

With the vile chaff away. Eternal God!
Thou who art wrapped in robes of majesty
And dazzling light — the Lord, the Judge of all!
To Thee we would commend us — Hear our prayers,
Do all Thy will on earth as done in heaven,
And be Thy law, our law, — Thy will, our will!
Thou will'st Thy children's happiness; — Thy hand,
Thy guardian hand, hast given us that pure joy
Which angels share — that silent source of bliss,
That sweet anticipation of Thyself,
Flowing from a pure heart; — Thy will be done!

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

All-seeing God! before whose throne sublime
Lies open the thick-crowded book of time;
Whose eye, when glancing o'er the varied page,
Reads the departed, or the coming age;
Thou, whose resistless energies control
The aberrations of my wandering soul;
Whom, in the midst of darkness and distress,
I see, and feel, confide in, and confess:
Lord! if one thought devout, one prayer divine,
Break from my breast, accept it — for 'tis Thine!

God! in Thy presence, glory's glittering gleam
And pomp's parade are desolate and dim.
What is ambition's gay and gairish ray?
Less than the glowworm in the eye of day.
Before Thee folly drops its darling dress.
And stands unveiled in its own nakedness.
Proud as he is — and, towering, though he can
Erect himself — man is at best but man;
Though high his destiny, and decked in state,
Great in possession, and in purpose great;
Though honor gild his bright escutcheon o'er,
And heralds oft have told its fame before,
What boots it? Time, whose devastating sway
Sweeps crowns and coronets, sceptres, swords, away;
Time will not spare him, — wherefore should it spare?
Look at yon gravestone — he shall slumber there,
Privileged if, when he rests in peace below,
One flower obscure should o'er his ashes grow.
Is he lamented? If a tear should wet
One faithful eye, to-morrow 'twill forget
Its object; — yet another day, that eye
Shall in eternal night be dark and dry.

Gloomy are evening's shadows when they fall
And wrap the face of nature with their pall;
But these are brightness to sin's moral night; —

Dark is the grave ; but e'en the grave is light
To crime's domain of terror. Tempests sweep
The swelling billows of the threatening deep ;
The storm may burst, the maddened billows roll,
No ocean rages like a tortured soul.

O, holy virtue — pure and fair thou art !
Thy robes are light ; thy unpolluted heart
Is spotless as the falling snow ; thy face
Beams with supernal youth, and joy and grace.

E'en like a summer's night our life rolls by,
And time still calls us to eternity.
Soon life's last sand shall drop — another scene
Shall in its awful dawning then begin.
Say, art thou ready ? Has the grave's dark room
For thee no terrors ? Lo ! its darkest gloom
A light from heaven illumines — and a voice
Speaks from the clouds, " Awake ! come forth, rejoice ! "

All-seeing God ! in lowliness I bow
My proud heart in the dust before Thee now.
Thou giv'st to each his portion ; and to each
His forward way to heaven and Thee dost teach ;
My lot is in Thy hand — the night, the day,

The moon's pale glimmering, as the sunny ray,
Are Thine — and Thine the midnight of the grave:
O, be Thou there to strengthen and to save;
To light death's valley with Thy beam of love,
And smile a welcome to Thy throne above.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The hour of peace resumes again
Its tranquil, silent, solemn reign;
Sorrow a short cessation knows
On the soft couch of calm repose,
And all is still — the Eternal One
Hath risen from His glorious throne,
And on the midnight's raven pinions
Surveys His infinite dominions.

And who but Thou the world could keep,
When buried thus in evening's sleep?
Who bid that sleeping world awake,
When o'er the hills the daybeams break?
Who call those daybeams from their bed,
When nature is by darkness led?
Thou, Lord, alone! Thy mighty hand

Doth all create, and all command ;
In every thing that hand we see,
And more than every thing in Thee.

But who can count the countless throng
That wakes to hear the morning's song ;
Or tell the infinite train that rest,
O'erwatched by Thee, on evening's breast ;
All from Thy presence joy receiving,
All on Thy generous bounty living ?
And we, the lowliest and the least,
With Heaven's peculiar favor blest !

Did earth upon *our* care depend,
Decay would soon with misery blend ;
Were we the counsellors of Heaven,
All, all would be to ruin driven.
We, helpless as the ephemeral fly,
And sightless as the adder's eye.

But Thou in wisdom's chains hast bound
The mighty universe around ;
And mountain's height, and vale's recess,
Speak Thy unwearied watchfulness ;
And every sun that splendor gives,
And every orb that light receives,

And solemn night, and joyous day,
And mountain stream and forest lay,
And waves and waterfalls and showers,
And trees and shrubs and fruits and flowers,
And all that nature's face reveals,
And all that nature's womb conceals,
Space, earth, heaven, time, eternity,
Are all upheld, great GOD! by Thee.

Ours is a hurried pilgrimage,
Youth beckons to the steps of age,
And youth and age too swiftly meet,
The angel of the tomb to greet;
And soon the rays of life are gone,
And soon the time-enduring sun,
Which shines so brightly o'er our head,
Shall shine upon our funeral bed.

Enough — if, while we journey here,
Some visions from that holier sphere,
Where the great Spirit sits, arrayed
In splendor, light this vale of shade.
Enough — if, in this vale of tears,
Some heavenly strains should reach our ears,
Remotely echoed from the hymn
Of cherubim and seraphim.

Enough — if, in these earthly bowers,
Some leaves of those immortal flowers
Which bloom in living fragrance sweet,
Should grow spontaneous at our feet.

Yes! such Thy servants, Lord! have known,
Such effluence from Thy burning throne:
And such be mine — and when at last
Life's summer evening shall be past,
The shades of night shall curtain me,
And I shall slumber, watched by Thee!

THURSDAY MORNING.

Thou best of Beings! now the night is fled,
And day awakes in all its bliss again;
Man, rising from his Heaven-protected bed,
Is launched on duty's ever-flowing main.
Thou art the Lord! alike the day, the night,
Thy love proclaim — for each Thy love pervades;
Thou smilest in the Aurora's purple light,
And wrapp'st Thyself in evening's solemn shades.
God! Thou art Love! repeats the youthful spring;
God! Thou art Love! the summer days proclaim;

God! Thou art Love! the autumnal valleys sing,
And hoary winter echoes back the name.
Thou rock'st the cradle of sweet infancy,
Lead'st active youth through its fair path of flowers,
And manhood owes its golden fruit to Thee;
To Thee old age its calm and lovely hours.
Thou deck'st all nature with its swan-like robe,
Coverest the snow with million diamonds' gleam,
Bid'st icy pyramids tower above the globe,
And build'st Thy crystal bridges o'er the stream.
How infinite Thy works! the great, the small,
Rich with Thy bounty, teeming with Thy love,
All fraught with pure intelligence, and all
Tending to perfect bliss, — where Thou above
Shalt justify Thy purpose. We below,
The moral subjects of vicissitude,
Would to Thy holy dispensations bow,
Secure that all must end in boundless good.
How mild, how wise, how beautiful Thy reign!
Thy sun — an image of Thyself — O Lord!
Shines e'en upon the unthankful; and Thy rain
Is on the unrighteous, as the holy, poured.
Existence hangs upon Thy fostering cares,
And even the worst partake those cares divine;
Ingratitude itself Thy favor shares —

Ingratitude! — 'midst favors such as Thine!
Ingratitude to Him, whose bounty gave
Life, and the joys of life; who leads us on
With gentle guidance even to the grave!
But who, alas! is not ungrateful? None.
His love protects us, leads us, lights us, cheers,
Gives to our morning brightness, beauty, bliss;
Conducts us gently to the eve of years,
Crowns us with hope and peace and happiness.
My God! my Father! — on Thee will I rest —
Rest with unbounded confidence on Thee;
No slavish fears shall now inthrall my breast;
I stand erect in holiest liberty.
Thou dwell'st in light unsearchable — and here
Thy children in a night of darkness roam;
But earth shall not detain the wanderer;
Heaven is his destiny, and heaven his home.
There peace and love, in holiest union bound,
Shall gild with everlasting smiles the scene,
And God's pure presence, scattering light around,
Fill every heart with joy and bliss serene.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The day is done ; the night comes calmly forth,
Bringing sweet rest upon the wings of even ;
The golden wain rolls round the silent north,
And earth is slumbering 'neath the smiles of heaven.
Like yon celestial torches, let me press
Forward — and heavenward — on my destined way ;
Clad, like the stars, in robes of holiness ;
Bright, like the stars, with joy's enrapturing ray.
Calm evening ! whose mild presence can restore
The peace ne'er found amidst the world's rude cares,
Can bid the weeping eyelids weep no more,
And chase all misery — all, except despair's !

When round the world we look, how many a grief
Invites the soul to sober thought, and checks
The gush of daring pride ; pangs that relief
Approaches not, — and melancholy wrecks
Of once fair flattering happiness, now scattered
On life's tempestuous shores ! What prospects blighted !
What piles of fond anticipation shattered,
And gaudy dreams in which the soul delighted !
These all may serve to loosen the dull fetter

Which binds us to this world — and bid us look
Beyond it to a brighter and a better;
And read the page of that imposing book,
Where are the records of all ages past
And present, and all ages yet to come;
Existence' infant moments, and its last,
From the earth's first awaking, to its tomb.

Life's scenes are rich in eloquence, and truth,
And wisdom! — and their flowerets sweetly grow
In the dark valley of affliction's ruth,
As in joy's gay and summer sunshine glow.
Be it our lot to pluck them, and to twine
Their separate beauties in one moral wreath,
To decorate life's ever-crumbling shrine,
To hang upon the canopy of death.
The steady stream of virtue flows serenely,
Till in eternity's vast ocean lost;
Though the rude winds of chilling time blow keenly,
And bind its surface in the fettering frost;
Still it flows calmly on — and still shall flow,
And fertilize the earth; — and can it ever
Sleep in its energetic progress? No!
Its course shall never be impeded — never!

Day after day, the light of heaven appears;
Night after night, dark curtains wrap the skies;

And man sinks downward in the vale of years,
Buds, blossoms, bears his fruit, decays and dies:
He fills the spot his fathers filled of old;
Their ashes now mix with the cheerless clay —
And he soon, slumbering on earth's bosom cold,
Shall lie as low, and sleep as sound as they.
And other generations rise and fall,
Till the all-embracing plan shall be complete,
Christ owned the Savior and the Judge of all,
The power of evil vanquished at his feet,
And death extinct forever! — O, to share
His triumphs, — and from his benignant voice
The approving "Welcome to thy home!" to hear —
Were all of earthly hopes and all of heavenly joys.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Like a priestess from her temple's shade,
In her holiest robes of light arrayed,
The morn walks forth; — day's glorious star
Towers o'er the misty mountains far;
The heavens are bright with celestial blue,
The earth is sprinkled o'er with dew,

And all is bright, and gay, and fair ;
The spirit of joy and love is there —
Fit temple for that Glorious One,
Who formed the earth and woke the sun.

If any soul of harmony
Is wakened in humanity,
Thine is the music, Father! Thine
The morning minstrel's song divine.
Thou first did string devotion's lyre ;
Thine is the daylight's holy fire,
Thine is the evening's twilight ray,
And Thine the veil that shades the day.
Above yon arch sublime of heaven,
Is Thine eternal chariot driven ;
Above the visible stars Thou reignest,
Yet sometimes in Thy mercy deignest
To bless the world with beams of light,
Reflected from Thy presence bright.

Bow Thee down to this lowliest sphere,
Thou, whose wisdom never can err ;
Thou, whose power no limit boundeth ;
Thou, whose love all space surroundeth !
If Thou wilt speak, there are thunders near Thee ;
Millions of ministering spirits hear Thee,

Ever on the wing to obey ; —
Eternal splendor lights Thy way,
Thy footsteps imprint the morning hills,
Thy voice is heard in the music of rills,
In the song of birds, and the heavenly chorus
That nature utters around us, o'er us.
Dead is the sense, and dull the ear,
That cannot perceive Thee every where ;
Every where — and in every thing ;
The motion in the insect's wing,
As the unmeasured comet's march,
Rolling sublime in yon boundless arch ;
Beautiful in a drop of dew
As in the rainbow's glorious hue ;
In the light zephyrs audible
As in the storm wave's loudest swell ;
In every thing Thy glory beameth —
From every thing Thy witness streameth ;
Silence itself hath a voice for Thee,
In the thick darkness Thy light we see ;
Even the cold grave, dreary and damp,
Is illumed by Thine eternal lamp.

Calmly on ! the grave's dormitory
Hath its sweet visions of hope and glory ;

Heaven shall cheer its stillness deep,
Heaven shall watch its holy sleep;
O'er it a brighter sun shall rise
Than ever lighted the visible skies.

FRIDAY EVENING.

True! Spring renews the faded year;
And renovated fruits and flowers
In reawakened charms appear: —
They deck the plain — they crown the bowers —
Their blush was past — their odor fled —
They only slept — they were not *dead*

They were not *dead* — for though the breath
Of winter o'er their beauties swept,
They were not visited by death;
They only bowed their heads and slept.
For let them die — their charms again
Shall decorate nor bower nor plain.

True! visions haunt the general breast
Of man — of worlds beyond the skies;

But that may be a dream at best,
Like other dreams and vanities;
For man is but a breath, betrayed
By every sense, by every shade.

Around him, o'er him, he creates
A thousand fancies to delude,
Which time, truth-trier, dissipates;
Bright though they be, and fair and good,
They are but dreams at last — that leave
Our disappointed hopes to grieve.

True! power and pride and insolent thought,
Our trust in Heaven severely try;
The wicked rule the world — and nought
Is left to virtue but — to die;
And sure, if God be strong and just,
It shall not perish in the dust.

Vain hope! In virtue's path who treads,
Treads surely, — all we feel and see
Is a triumphant march that leads
Truth, knowledge to its victory;
'Tis sorrow's sternest discipline
That makes our mortal man divine.

There is no pain but is the seed
Of pleasure ;— wretchedness and woe
Are steps to virtue. Oft the weed
Shelters the tender flowers that grow
Beneath its shield. Each day — each hour —
Give power to truth — to virtue power.

Such are the thoughts and such the fears
Of pilgrims, in that gloomy way
Where Heaven no glorious pillar rears
Of fire by night — of clouds by day ;
Such as the sons of Israel led,
When wandering through the desert dread.

Yet happier — O, how happier ! — he,
Who from the waste of grief and care
Retreats to immortality,
And builds his tabernacle there, —
And smiles, as from a splendid star,
On dews and mists beneath him far !

Yes ! happier who from earthly woe
Turns his fixed vision to the skies,
And knows and feels that Jesus rose,
And is assured that *he* shall rise ;

With faith as steadfast and sublime
As ever vanquished doubt or time.

All else is vain — the days to come
Are shrouded in obscurity:
But Jesus burst his mortal tomb —
And I shall not death's prisoner be.
There's bliss enough in this to cheer
All the dim woes that vex us here.

Yes! Jesus rose — and while the wreck
Of nature leaves that thought to bless,
The sigh of bursting grief I'll check,
And still the tumult of distress: —
For Jesus rose — and I shall rise,
Though this poor crumbling body dies.

SATURDAY MORNING

Another portion of life rolls on,
The week glides calmly by;
And down the swift stream of time we run
To the sea of eternity.

Who knows how soon the hour will come
When the sun shall put out his light,
And the Master shall call His laborers home,
To sleep in the valleys of night?

And then shall He take a strict account
Of duties neglected and done,
And millions shall read their vast amount
Recorded one by one.
And every bosom shall be unveiled,
And every secret known;
And none another's sins shall shield,
And none shall hide his own!

We live in this narrow world below,
The victims of self-deceit;
But in the bright world to which we go,
No artifice can cheat.
Folly can there no more assume
Wisdom's imposing dress;
Nor hypocrisy wear the towering plume
Of conscious righteousness.

Each his burden of sin must bear,
At the high tribunal above,

For nothing will then avail us there
But deeds of mercy and love ;
To have trained our spirits to forgive,
As we hope to be forgiven,
And have lived on earth as they should live,
Whose hopes and home are heaven.

We are weak and vain, but God is strong ;
We are blind, but His piercing eye,
To whose orbit all space and time belong,
Embraces infinity.
We wander — His spirit leads us back
To the heavenward path of peace,
And His glory lights the holy track
That ends in eternal bliss.

He smiles on all — and though drear and dark
Our journey may seem to be —
A joyous, a bright, though lonely spark,
Shines from eternity.
As beneath the curtains of silver snow
The flowers of the valley are hid,
So the flowers of hope and beauty grow
'Neath the grave's pyramid.

Even in the shadiest, darkest night
The stars shine on unseen ;

And the sun is clad in his robes of light,
Though mists intrude between.
And the grave, though dreary and dull and deep,
Is bright with a heaven-born ray,
And its long and seemingly listless sleep
Shall be crowned with eternal day.

SATURDAY EVENING.

(Translation.)

Lord! to whose being ages are but moments,
Fugitive moments! Thou, Eternal Father!
Listen in mercy — for life's passing shadows
Soon will be scattered.

'Tis Thy bright presence makes all nature pregnant,
Pregnant with beauty — 'tis Thy sacred presence
Fills all creation. — I am but an atom —
Deign, Lord! to hear me.

Glorious and mighty! Thy right hand of greatness
Upholds existence. — What is man before Thee?

Vanity, ashes — indigence and folly :
Smile, then, benignly !

Fountain of wisdom ! Spirit of creation !
Life-source of blessing ! — hear the humble praises
Of Thy poor pilgrim, whose short day of sadness
Soon will be over !

Thy searching spirit sees departed ages,
Ages in embryo — ages veiled in darkness,
Present and future — all alike unravelled : —
I am but blindness.

Highly exalted on Thy throne of glory,
Being unchanging ! do Thou help my weakness
From the o'erflowings of Thy strength, O Father !
Help Thou my weakness.

'Tis Thy proud arm that yon abyss divideth,
Blots out the planets, gives the stars their splendor,
Rules o'er infinity, uncontrolled and mighty ; —
I am as nothing.

E'en the plumed songster, wandering through creation ;
E'en the poor insect, living in the sunbeam ·

E'en the scorned earthworm, at our feet extended,
All share Thy mercy.

Deign, then, to hear me, Father! deign to bless me!
Nothing too lowly for Thy smiles benignant;
Nothing too trifling for Thy care, Thy kindness —
I, too, may share them.

Infinite Being — Living One! Eternal!
Wise and unchanging — Father, Holy Father!
Look from Thy throne of brightness and of glory
On this Thy suppliant!

HYMNS

AND OTHER

DEVOTIONAL PIECES.

NIGHT.

(From the German of HERDER.)

Dost thou come again, calm, holy mother
Of bright stars and heavenly aspirations;
Dost thou visit us again? Awaiting
Thy mild presence, Earth and all her flowerets
Bending down their feeble heads, and thirsting
For a dewdrop, pant. My sinking spirit,
Overflowing with a thousand visions,
Waits the still and sacred visitation
Of thy gentle influence: — Come, inspire me
With the thoughts of happier worlds, and brighter;
And with peace my weary bosom quicken.

Star-surrounded, gold-encircled goddess!
Thou, upon whose dark and ample mantle
Thousand worlds are shining, — thou who bearest,
Gently bearest all — their restless being —

Fiery courses — ever-busy orbits —
In the strength of everlasting quiet.

What a song of triumph is repeated
Through all worlds to Thee, the living Leader
Of the starry choirs! — a song of glory
Even to Him who stills the storm — whom language
Whom the spirit's utterance — whom all voices
Praise, — and sink in silence at His presence.

Holy silence! — o'er the world now brooding, —
Gentle stream, that to the eternal borders
Of unmeasured being rolls sublimely;
And thou, noble song of stars and planets,
Light of light — the peaceful speech of heaven!
Night environs and pervades my spirit —
Seas of vast infinity surround me —
Fill my soul — heaven of all heavens — an ocean
Calm and silent, full of glowing beauties
As heaven's arch is full of fiery sparkles.

Mighty Night! I bow before thine altar!
Every spark of this all-filling ether
Is a frontlet round thy holy temple,
Bright with heavenly writing. Who can read it?
Flames of fire written by the Uncreated,

On the night's tall brow. It says : Jehovah
He is One — His name is Everlasting —
And His child is Night ; — His higher title
Mystery — whose dark and shadowy mantle
None may dare uplift ! — it hath created
Worlds and space and time. Its privileged children,
Ever in the path of law and order,
Love and mighty destiny — hasten onward,
Ever hasten towards the living Father.

Drop the curtain, then, thou holy mother !
Shut the book that's full of heavenly writing ;
I can read no more — can soar no higher ; —
Thought is all exhausted. Rather grant me
Thy sweet peace, and gently pour upon me
Mother of soft sleep and nightly visions !
Pour upon me dewdrops of oblivion
And forgetfulness of earthly sorrow.

Feel I not how Thy kind slumber fetters
Wrap me all around ? — thy hand maternal
Shuts with tenderest care my falling eyelids ?
Spirits of the night now glide before me —
Stately forms — tall and majestic shadows
From far worlds — a mildened light surrounds me ;
Light ne'er seen by mine awakened vision.

What a moon! what stars of dazzling brightness!
Do I soar — swim — dream? or am I sinking
Down from th' Uncreated's throne? — for angels,
Angels are around me — lost companions
Of my childhood — friends long since departed,
Guardian spirits — some unknown — they offer
The warm hand of fellowship — all glowing —
And I join their everlasting music.

Slumber still, thou dull and drowsy burden
Of my earthly way! Night spreads her mantle,
Night — and all her lamps that burn so brightly,
Brightly burn in yonder hallowed circle.
Visitants of heaven sink — rise before me;
Dwellers of the stars — and heaven's bright portals,
In my nightly dreams to me are open.
Every angel, every blessèd spirit,
All heaven's concert — all are smiling on me!
Moons and suns — up to what sun ascending!
What's the centre of these endless circles,
All-creating — all-inspiring Spirit?
Veiled from this my wandering star — but haply
Seen by yon far sun's more privileged dwellers.

See! with what a sympathizing spirit
All those stars are smiling! Do ye see me,

Me, the dust of dust — who dare to hail ye,
Hail ye as my friends — the loved companions
Of my sweetest, dearest, highest pleasures;
Gentlest witnesses of peace and virtue?

Heaven's young offspring — joy-inspiring children
Of enkindled night — and thou, fair sister
Of my hope, my joy, and my devotion,
Long ye smiled, and long ye shone rejoicing,
Clad in all your bright and festal garments,
Ere I was — and ere the earth had being!
And when I shall be not — when oblivion
Sweeps away that earth — and in the music
Of your hymns her voice shall speak no longer:
When her dull and distant tones shall perish,
And the sighs which from her poles are breaking,
In the song of light shall be extinguished —
Shall I then, fair spirits, dwell among ye?
Is there in your amaranthine foliage
Even for me a wreath of love and glory?
That my voice in your soft choir may mingle;
While I look upon this lowly dwelling,
To some son of earth a ray of brightness,
Or a hopestar to some child of sorrow?

MORNING THOUGHTS.

Come, let us leave the vain, the proud,
The ambitious, and the worldly wise;
Pomp's revels, turbulent and loud,
And pleasure's tempting vanities;

And let us mount the mantled hill,
Or wander in the waving wood;
Or trace the melancholy rill
Through its own haunts of solitude;

Or seek the little tufts of flowers,
Hid 'neath the turf from sultry beams:
Nor waste life's swift and smiling hours
In senseless joys or idle dreams.

Or let us tread the ocean shore;
And, while its surges rise and roll,
Their voice sublime, their blended roar
Shall fall like music on the soul.

Or watch the busy clouds that sail
Along the heavens like living things;
Soar on the spirit-rousing gale —
Or take the gentler zephyr's wings.

And then our hallowed talk shall be
Of Him who reared the mountains high,
Poured out the waters of the sea,
Painted the flowers, and arched the sky.

'Tis in the silence, in the shade,
That light from heaven illumes our road;
And man, even mortal man, is made,
If not a god — almost a god.

'Tis then he feels and hears and sees
Thoughts, hopes and joys to angels given;
Those chains of towering sympathies
Which link the earthly soul to heaven.

Beyond or moon, or sun, or star,
The enfranchised spirit soars — the ray
Of morning is its glorious car,
And comets light it on its way.

It travels o'er the vast abyss
Of space and time, and joys to see
The pregnant future bright with bliss,
And love, and joy, and liberty.

Then bending down to earth again,
Full of glad hope, — 'tis trained to bear

The lightened weight of mortal pain ;
The passing storm of earthly care.

And every stream more gently flows,
And every flower more freshly smells,
And every breeze more gayly blows,
And every note more sweetly swells.

The light that shines within, is shed
O'er all above, around, below ;
The stars are brighter o'er our head,
And brighter is the sunny glow.

E'en darkness has a cheering smile,
And twilight kindles into day ;
And the heart rests untroubled — while
Visions of Eden round it play.

And, journeying onwards, peace and hope
And holy memory gild the gloom,
While man descends the gentle slope
Which brings him to the quiet tomb.

There shall he rest ; — till, ages gone, —
When, summoned to a higher sphere,
He shall enjoy that blissful sun
Whose distant rays consoled him here.

EVENING THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

The good man dies — it grieves us:
Why should the good man die?
He dies — but, dying, leaves us
A lasting legacy.
And this becomes our comforter;
And sweeter is the thought
Of him who is departed,
Than all that death has left:
No longer, broken hearted,
Deem that thou art bereft;
For, O, the good man's memory
Is sweeter far than aught.

No sorrows now disturb him,
No disappointment there;
No worldly pride to curb him
In his sublime career:
Heaven's azure arch is over him,
Earth's tranquil breast beneath;
The stars are brightly glowing,
The breezes play around,
The flowers are sweetly blowing,
The dew is on the ground,

And emerald mosses cover him —
How beautiful is death!

His life — a summer's even,
Whose sun of life, though set
Amidst the clouds of heaven,
Leaves streams of brightness yet;
And thus he sinks victoriously
Into his ocean throne:
Then darkness gathers round him —
'Tis but a night: — again
He bursts the chains that bound him,
He rises from the main,
And marches heavenward gloriously
In splendors of his own.

Yon gems so sweetly sparkling
On heaven's cerulean deep,
What time the twilight darkling
Bring's nature's hours of sleep,
Are perhaps the bright receptacles
Of disembodied souls:
Of souls that, long desiring
Some more than mortal joy,
Burst in their proud aspiring,
And fix themselves on high;

And on this earth look tenderly,
That low beneath them rolls.

Yes! in those orbs of glory
Methinks I see the ray
Which wisdom's sages hoary
Have scattered o'er my way,
With brighter wisdom perfected,
All strength — all purity.
In yonder gentle starlight
I see the holy tear,
Glistening in fair though far light.
Which once consoled me here —
Till I was left in wretchedness,
And none to weep with me.

Roll on, fair worlds! and over
Earth's vale your torches blend:
In each my thoughts discover
Smiles of some cherished friend,
Whose melancholy pilgrimage
Wearies the heart no more.
O, yes! I hear their voices,
O, yes! their forms I see;
And then my soul rejoices,
And, raptured, seems to be

Their momentary visitant;
But soon the dream is o'er.

I'll build a fane elysian
Among those towers divine,
And there in hallowed vision,
When gloomy thoughts are mine,
Will soar in glowing ecstasy —
There shall my joys be stored;
And there my soul, reposing
On contemplation's breast,
When earthly scenes are closing,
Shall find a place of rest,
And leave this lowly solitude
Forgotten — undeplored.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

When the bark by a gentle breath is driven,
And the bright sun dances in the heaven
Up and down, as the rocking boat
Upon the ridgy waves doth float —
And the fresh sea sprinkles the sloping deck,
And nought is seen but some snowy speck
On the distant verge — and the sky above,
And the waters around — 'tis sweet to move
Gladly from one to another strand,
Guided by some invisible hand.
Gladly, ay! for him who leaves
No friend behind, who dreams, and grieves,
And dreads that every breezy breath
Is the winged charioteer of death.

Ah! that love is a fearful thing:
It hovers round on a vampire's wing,
Darkness is its abode — it dwells
In caverns and spectre-peopled cells;
'Tis wont to play with phantoms dread,
And wreathes the aconite round its head,
The desert and the grove it seeks,

And clouds are on its splendent cheeks;
And it sits in storms, — and builds its throne
In terror's dark pavilion;
And its bright and spirit-piercing eyes
Are shrouded in thick anxieties.

Onwards! onwards! — lo, we sweep
The heaving bosom of the deep. —
Freshens the wind! — how gay to ride
On the pinions of the eternal tide,
And to live, as it were, in life's excess,
'Midst the wild waters' frowardness!
It is as if life's currents too,
Driven by an impulse strange and new,
Rolled with a swifter course, — partaking
Of the eager spirit round us waking.

But soon, too soon, the busy sea
Is stilled to us — reality
Waves over us her leaden wand;
We tread the dull and changeless land!
Our bark conducts us to the shore,
And the fresh breeze impels no more;
For us repose the joyous waves —
And we all slumber in our graves.

Thou Steerer of the storm! who guidest
Our little vessel — who dividest
The waves around us, — who hast spread
Heaven's canopy above our head,
And scattered through it gales of love,
To waft us to our port above;
Thou! whose omnipotent voice can still
The mighty ocean as the rill;
Thou! subject vast of praise and wonder,
Who in the breeze and in the thunder
Art heard alike — to Thee, O Friend!
O Father! I my lot commend.
And be it Thine, All-wise! as now,
A favoring passage to bestow
Through life's dark ocean — till the tomb
Receives us in its mighty womb,
Where we shall slumber till the day,
Of days the greatest, sends its ray
Into the gloom sepulchral — then
Shall the raised spirit live again,
And enter on a course which never
Can be disturbed by vain endeavor,
Nor checked by storms or billows dreary, —
Nor hearts despond — nor hopes be weary.

"THE WORLD IS GIVEN TO THE WICKED."

'Tis sometimes hard to turn our eye
Upon that wreck of hopes and dreams,
Which lighted hours of ecstasy
With virtue's smiles and freedom's beams,—
To look upon that wreck — and see
A very blank of misery.

For who of mortal mould could e'er
Bend coldly o'er the aspiring mind,
That reared its visioned temples fair,
And opened wide on humankind
The portals whence the daystreams flow
Of love and liberty below?

Too long, too long the tyrant's might
Had chilled the senses — cramped the soul —
Then, waking in their natural light,
They burst the twilight's dim control,
And, gathering blessings in their train,
Shed splendor o'er the earth again.

O
'Tis past! — 'tis past! — The spreading shade
Of ignorance involves the world;

Our toils were vain — our hopes betrayed! —
And freedom from her shrines is hurled;
She has no heroes — has no heirs —
The grave is ours — the world is theirs.

The noblest, holiest of our race
Die unrevenged — they spill their blood —
The gay earth is their slaughter-place —
The vast globe is a solitude,
Where their all-withering glance destroys
All virtuous deeds — all righteous joys.

Great God of vengeance! rouse Thee — shower
Thy fiery torrents on their path!
They hate Thy name — they scorn Thy power —
They laugh — proud rebels! at Thy wrath.
And dost Thou tarry? — Canst Thou yet
Their insults and Thy might forget?

Forgive! forgive! — Our wishes rove
Bewildered — darkened by distress —
As if our passions, Lord! could move
Thine all-directing righteousness.
Thou knowest all — Thou rulest all —
To Thee we look — on Thee we call.

Wield then Thy thunders at Thy will,
Thou canst not err — our hearts subdued
Shall wait Thy mandate — calm and still —
Thy purposes are wise and good.
Gloom, mists and clouds surround our way;
Thou art all light — Thy path is day.

November, 1823.

PSALM XC.

Lord! through ages-gathering time,
On Thee, sacred and sublime,
We have built our joy, our faith;
While the mantling robe of death
Veiled the unborn mountains, — ere
This majestic rolling sphere
Sprung to birth, Thy footsteps trod
O'er time's untravelled road,
Ever and eternal God!

If Thou speak, destruction calls
Nations to her midnight halls,
And the dust-born sons of men
Mingle with the dust again.

Thousand ages roll away
In Thy sight, as yesterday
When 'tis past; a dream forgot
With the morning's earliest thought.

E'en as a mighty torrent sweeps
The strawy fragment to the deeps;
A vision that but comes and goes;
Or flowers that with the morning rose,
And with the morning flourishéd,
Ere the cold evening faded, dead —
Beneath Thy frown we die; — we die,
And in the valley's bosom lie.

O God! Thy spirit-searching eye
Reads all Thy children's history;
And sins that seem in distance veiled,
And errors in deep shades concealed,
Before Thy penetrating sight
Blaze in a horrid glare of light.

Careless of Thy heart-searching frown
Our lamp goes out — our life sinks down —
That lamp is feeble, cheerless, cold;
That life a little history told;

When most enduring it appears,
And trembling into seventy years,
Or ten years more — its utmost length
In waxing pain and wasting strength,
Labor and sorrow : — then the thread
Is broken, and the spirit fled.

But who Thine anger, Lord ! can bear !
'Tis greater than a mortal's fear !
Its might more terrible than aught
Of future dread or present thought.

O, teach us to count our days,
So to improve them to Thy praise,
That wisdom may our hearts control,
And virtue guide our wandering soul.

Return and smile again — and bend
Thine ear benignant, Father — Friend !
No longer let us dread Thy wrath —
Send down Thy sunshine on our path,
And let futurity be blest,
If not with joy, with peace and rest.

HABAKKUK.

CHAP. III.

I HEARD Thee, and I trembled: — Awful One!
Now speak — but speak in mercy's mildest tone,
Wave o'er the years Thy shadowing wing; look down,
And let Thy smile burst shining through Thy frown.
From Teman GOD descends,
The Holy One from Paran bends —
Shout! the song of gladness raise:
His glories cover
Heaven's temple over,
And earth is pregnant with His glorious praise;
His brightness is an everlasting light,
And streams of fire burst from His hand of might;
The plague, the pestilence, are driven before Him:
He stands on burning coals, with clouds and vapors o'er Him.
The earth He measures in His hand;
The nations flee at His command;
The everlasting mountains bow;
The hills are scattered wide — and lo!

His path is in eternal darkness deep:
The tents of Cushan weep;
Midian is now in grief arrayed,
And curtained round in melancholy shade.

Lord! have the rivers disobeyed Thee,
That Thou hast thus in frowns arrayed Thee?
Has the ocean rolled too far,
That Thou hast mounted Thy glorious car —
Harnessed Thy mighty steeds;
Lord! Thou hast bent Thy naked bow,
And we remember Thy promise now:
Thy judgment now proceeds.
Lord! the rivers that seek the sea,
Roll on their course, as led by Thee.

The mountains trembled as Thou passedst by;
And from its bounds broke forth th' o'erflowing ocean;
The deep sent forth a loud and troubled cry,
And lifted up his suppliant hands on high;
The sun and moon stood still in deep emotion —
They saw the light of Thy glittering spear;
Thy arrows were flying thickly there —
Dreadful was thy march, O Lord!
And the heathen fell beneath Thy sword.

'Twas for Thy chosen people — the salvation
Of Thine anointed nation.

Thou hast upset the wicked in his pride;
He came forth like a whirlwind to destroy —
His palace is in dust, — and his unholy joy,
Oppression, — is subdued. Thou, Lord! didst ride
O'er the great waters: when I heard, I shook —
How could I in Thy presence stand?
How on Thy dazzling brightness look?
Voiceless my tongue became, and impotent my
hand.
Though the fig tree should not shoot
Its wonted blossoms — though the vine,
Scathed by Thee, should yield no fruit —
Though the olive fail — the kine
In the stalls should droop and die, —
In the folds the fleecy flock:
Yet the Lord shall be my joy!
Yet the Lord shall be my rock!
He shall be my hope, my strength,
My rejoicing shall He be!
He will lead my soul at length
To His own felicity.

CORINTHIANS.

FIRST BOOK — CHAP. XIII.

Though every tongue that man e'er uttered, broke
From my all-eloquent lips — and though I spoke
The languages of angels — if my soul
Were not attuned to love's sweet music, all,
All were a hollow sound — an idle voice,
A bell's dull tinkling, or a cymbal's noise.

Though I could read the books of prophecy;
Withdraw the veil of heavenly mystery;
Though science led me through her various way,
And I had power, power from above, to say,
"Remove, thou mountain!" this were nought, and I
A useless nothing, without Charity.

Though thousand wretches crowded round my door,
Relieved, protected by my generous store, —
Though neither flame nor sword could shake my faith.
A martyr towering o'er the fear of death, —
I were no offering worthy of above,
Unless supported and impelled by love.

Love is long-suffering, generous, candid ; free
From envy, pride, and self-complacency ;
Benignant and benificent and mild,
Pure-hearted and confiding as a child.
She mourns the ravages of vice — but sees
With holy joy truth's glorious victories.
All things she bears, with hero courage bears,
And trusts to Heaven her pleasures and her cares,
And hopes that all things hasten on to bliss,
And all endures, with such sweet hope as this.

She never fails — the prophet's sacred tongue
Shall by the hand of ages be unstrung ;
The wonder-working gifts of Heaven shall cease,
And knowledge perish in forgetfulness ;
But soon shall better prospects dawn — the ray
Of twilight brightens into perfect day,
And weakness, weariness, and gloom and night,
Give way to beauty, strength, and joy, and light.

E'en as a child, in early opening hours,
Totters and trips, and plies his little powers ;
From his young lips imperfect accents break,
His thoughts are wandering, and his judgment weak ;
Yet, as his years flow on, intelligence
Glows in his mind, and winning eloquence

Flows from his tongue; he stands erect, and can
Glory in all the pride and power of man: —
So do we journey heavenwards — children here,
But we shall grow to man's perfection *there*.

Our earthly vision is but dark and dim:
There shall we see in the pure light of Him
Who is all brightness; every mist disperse
That mantles now the gloomy universe;
All perils past, all tears, all terrors o'er,
And doubt, distress, and hope delude no more.

There are three angels sent by Heaven to guide
Our earthly barks through time's deceitful tide:
Faith, Hope and Charity — benignant three!
Charity fairest — follow Charity!

ANXIETIES AND COMFORTS.

The dreams which early moments decked —
Hope's sunny summer hours, are o'er;
And my frail bark at last is wrecked
On sullen reason's rocky shore.

I was a joyous streamlet, tossed
From hill to vale in eager play;
And now among the mountains lost,
Now sweeping o'er the plains my way.

I kissed the flowers, — the woods I taught
To echo back my song; — 'tis past!
Lost in the mighty sea of thought,
The little streamlet rests at last.

I trembled to the gentle breeze —
Sent back the gorgeous sunbeams far,
Heard all the moonlight's mysteries,
And smiled with every smiling star.

A mingling light of joy and love,
Of peace and hope a blended sound;

Heaven's azure arches spread above,
And laughing Nature all around.

Ah! these were blissful moments; yet
I revel in their memory,—
And present cares and fears forget
In that departed ecstasy.

Yes! they are fled — those hours are fled —
Yet their sweet memories smiling come,
Like spirits of the hallowed dead,
And linger round their earlier home.

Rapt in the thought, my passions seem
To drink th' exhausted cup of bliss:
And do I dream? Was ever dream
So bright, so beautiful as this?

Alas! I hear the thunders roll,
And wake, and meditate, and weep;
Night's gloomy mantle wraps my soul,
And cheerless silence rules the deep.

I tread my melancholy road,
No more by vain delusions driven:
Hold solemn converse with my God,
And track my onward way to heaven.

Then from the world's proud glare I turn
To yonder bright and golden sky;
And there I study — thence I learn
The worth of worldly pageantry.

No more with dazzled eyes I look
Upon yon vain and lettered sage;
For nature is a gentler book,
And deeper wisdom fills her page.

Her groves to me are painted halls;
Perfumes, her early morning air;
Her mountains, castellated walls —
And all is honest welcome there.

Her concerts are of birds and bees,
And rivers, and the glorious sea;
And holy are her revelries,
And pure her joys as thought can be.

Why should I murmur? O'er this scene,
Though night descend and thunders roll,
Man may create a heaven within,
In the still temple of the soul.

SISTE, VIATOR!

Look around thee — see decay
On her wing of darkness, sweeping
Earth's proud monuments away —
See the muse of history weeping
O'er the ruins time hath made —
Strength in dust and ashes laid,
Virtue in oblivion sleeping.

Look around thee — wisdom there
Careless death confounds with folly
In a common sepulchre ;
See the unrighteous and the holy
Blended in the general wreck ;
Well those tears may wet thy cheek,
Tears of doubt and melancholy.

Look around thee — beauty's light
Is extinguished, — death assembles
Youth's gay morn and age's night ;
And the steadfast mountain trembles
At his glance, like autumn's leaf —
" All," he cries, " is vain, is brief ; "
And the tyrant ne'er dissembles.

Look behind thee, — cities hid
In the night of treacherous story;
Many a crumbling pyramid,
Many a pile of senseless glory;
Temples into ruin hurled,
"Fragments of an earlier world,"
Froken fanes, and altars hoary.

Look behind thee — men whose frown
Made whole nations quake before them —
What is left of their renown?
Wrecks around, oblivion o'er them;
Kings and conquerors, where are they?
Ask yon worthless heaps of clay —
O, despise not, but deplore them!

Look behind thee — bards sublime,
Smiling nymphs, and solemn sages —
Go! inquire their names of time:
Bid it read its earliest pages.
Foolish questioner! — If fame
Guard through years a cherished name —
Fame itself decays in ages.

Look before thee — all the glare,
All the pomp, around thee glowing;

All that charms the eye or ear,
Strains of softest music flowing,
Grace and beauty — all are sped
Towards the ruins of the dead:
Thither thou and thine are going.

Look before thee — at yon vault,
Where time's ravage is recorded,
Thou wilt be compelled to halt:
Thou wilt be no more regarded
Than the meekest, meanest slave,
Resting in a common grave,
Unrespected — unrewarded.

Look before thee — at thy feet
Monarchs sleep like meaner creatures:
Where the voices, now so sweet?
Where the fair one's smiling features?
Hop'st thou to escape the tomb?
That which was thy father's doom,
Will be thine, thy son's, and nature's.

Look above thee — there indeed
May thy thoughts repose delighted;
If thy wounded bosom bleed,
If thy fondest hopes be blighted;

There a stream of comfort flows,
There a sun of splendor glows:
Wander, then, no more benighted!

Look above thee — ages roll,
Present, past and future blending;
Earth hath not to soothe a soul
'Neath affliction's burden bending;
Nothing 'gainst the tempest's shock;
Heaven must be the pilgrim's rock,
And to heaven his steps are tending.

Look above thee — never eye
Saw such pleasures as await thee;
Thought ne'er reached such scenes of joy
As are there prepared to meet thee:
Light undying, — seraph's lyres, —
Angel welcomes, — cherub choirs
Smiling through heaven's doors to greet thee.

BLESSINGS OF INSTRUCTION.

The heart has tendrils like the vine,
Which round another's bosom twine,
Outspringing from the living tree
Of deeply-planted sympathy;
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss,
Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms dark and drear,
Which an unwatered desert are;
Yet there a curious eye may trace
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,
Where little flowers, the weeds between,
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not — for wisdom's toil
Has ne'er disturbed that stubborn soil:
Yet care and culture might have brought
The ore of truth from mines of thought;
And fancy's fairest flowers had bloomed
Where truth and fancy lie intombed.

Insult him not — his blackest crime
May, in his Maker's eye sublime,

In spite of all thy pride, be less
Than e'en thy daily waywardness;
Than many a sin and many a stain
Forgotten — and impressed again.

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of truth and love might grow
And flowers of generous virtue blow:
To plant, to watch, to water there —
This, as our duty, be our care!

And sweet it is the growth to trace.
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labors first
Bid the young seed of spring time burst,
And lead it on from hour to hour,
To ripen into perfect flower.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had —
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,
A paradise of mysteries —
Plains with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds and music fills,
Were once but deserts ; culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.

And such is man. A soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds ;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as the aconite ;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or floweret fair.

SONNET.

'Tis not Thy terrors, Lord! Thy dreadful frown,
Which keep my step in duty's narrow path;
'Tis not the awful threatenings of Thy wrath,—
But that, in virtue's sacred smile alone
I find or peace or happiness. Thy light,
In all its prodigality, is shed
Upon the worthy and the unworthy head:
And Thou dost wrap in misery's stormy night
The holy as the thankless. All is well;
Thy wisdom has to each his portion given;
Why should our hearts by selfishness be riven?
'Tis vain to murmur — daring to rebel —
Lord! I would fear Thee, though I feared not hell;
And love Thee, though I had no hopes of heaven.*

* Aunque no hubiera cielo yo te amara,
Y aunque no hubiera infierno te temiera.
SANTA TERESA.

HYMN.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends — O Father! hear it!
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight — who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour; our lips repeat them
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand — it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice — it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away — and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

O, how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering — Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call — appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
That voice paternal — whispering, watching ever,
My bosom? — never.

Father and Savior! plant within that bosom
These seeds of holiness — and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark portal
Becomes immortal.

HYMN.

If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
O, what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
O, who would venture then to die —
O, who could then endure to live?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead:
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath;
Who could exist in such a tomb?
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given;
'Tis *this* that makes our darkness day;
'Tis *this* that makes our earth a heaven.

Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom ;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

DEATH.

What is it to die ? — To drink
Of a yet untasted river ;
To leap from a yet untrodden brink,
Which we shall revisit never.

'Tis to take a journey afar,
In a cold and murky night,
Through paths unknown, where moon or star
Ne'er shed a smile of light.

'Tis to sleep in a clayey cell,
With corruption for our bride ;
Deaf, dumb, insensible,
Waked by no morning's tide.

'Tis to mingle with ashes and dust,
Like the meanest thing we see ;

And be blown about by the windy gust,
Or dissolve in the mighty sea.

What is it to die? — 'Tis nought
But to close the book of care,
Inter in the grave all troubling thought,
And rest with oblivion there.

This is the worst; for if truth
Shine in the Scripture page,
The spirit shall wear the wings of youth,
And live through an endless age.

It shall bathe in the living streams
Round the gardens of heaven that flow:
And revel in light, whose dazzling beams
Disperse all the mists of woe.

Like a star in a cloudless night,
Pure and sublime shall it be —
Fairer than noontide's presence bright —
Fixed as eternity.

HYMN.

How dark — how desolate
Would many a moment be,
Could we not spring
On hope's bright wing,
O God! to heaven and Thee!

Life is a prison cell
We are doomed to occupy,
In which confined,
The restless mind
Pines, pants for liberty.

And sometimes streaks of light
And sunny beams we see;
They shine so bright
Through sorrow's night,
They needs must come from Thee.

Say, shall a morning dawn
When prison days are o'er,
Whose smiling ray
Shall wake a day,
That night shall cloud no more?

Blest hope! and sure as blest,
Life's shades of misery
Shall soon be past,
And joy at last
Waft us to heaven and Thee.

HYMN.

Why should dreams so dark and dreary
Fill my thought?
Is there nought,
Nought to soothe and bless the weary?
Night may wrap the arch of heaven —
Soon a ray,
Bright with day,
Cheers the morn and gilds the even.

I have seen the mountain hidden
In a shroud —
Mist and cloud;
Say, was hope or joy forbidden?
No! — I knew its summit hoary
Soon would rise
'Midst the skies,
Girt with green and crowned with glory.

Many a stream with song of gladness,
Many a rill,
Silent, still,
Winter binds in chains of sadness, —
Many a waterfall and river: —
Summer's wand
Breaks their band,
And their music ceases never.

Is the sun in heaven no longer,
When the rain
Sweeps the plain?
Soon he blazes brighter — stronger.
Is the floweret's sleep eternal,
When its cup,
Folded up,
Waits the smiles and breezes vernal?

Why should man, then — child of sorrow!
Mourn his doom?
Present gloom
Will be light and bliss to-morrow.
Why should man, then, bound his visior.
To the cell
Where we dwell?
Worlds are his — and worlds elysian.

Even here all pain is fleeting;
Even here,
Joy and care
Join in constant, earnest greeting:
But where all our hopes are tending,
Peace and love
Reign above —
Bliss unbroken — joy unending.

HYMN.

O, LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery:
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
Yet all is well — since ruled by Thee.

When, mounted on Thy clouded car,
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,
I can discern Thy light afar,
Thy light sweet beaming through Thy frown;
And, should I faint a moment — then
I think of Thee, — and smile again.

So, trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain;
Why should my spirit then complain?

HYMN.

In the dust I'm doomed to sleep,
But shall not sleep forever;
Fear may for a moment weep,
Christian courage — never.
Years in rapid course shall roll,
By time's chariot driven,
And my reawakened soul
Wing its flight to heaven.

What though o'er my mortal tomb
Clouds and mists be blending?
Sweetest hopes shall chase the gloom,
Hopes to heaven ascending.
These shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal; —
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.

HYMN.

I HAVE seen the morning vapor
Scattered by the eye of day;
I have seen the evening taper
Shine and glimmer and decay;
And bethought me, as I stood,
These are man's similitude.

Man is like a vapor flying
With the twilight o'er the dell;
Man is like a pale lamp dying
In its solitary cell;
Light and shade — and ill and good —
Such is man's vicissitude.

Man is like a vapor blending
With the dew of morning's breath;
Man is like a pale lamp tending
To its melancholy death;
Neither spared by whirlwinds rude —
Such is man's similitude.

HYMN.

Jesus teaching the people.

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came — of heaven he spoke.
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke.
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
"Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes! sacred Teacher, — we will come —
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

"There is no sound or language where their voice is not heard."

The heavenly spheres to Thee, O God! attune their
evening hymn;
All-wise, All-holy, Thou art praised in song of sera-
phim;
Unnumbered systems, suns and worlds, unite to wor-
ship Thee,
While Thy majestic greatness fills space — time —
eternity.

Nature, — a temple worthy Thee that beams with
light and love,
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below, whose stars
rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs that rise along
the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord of storm and
ocean roar:

Her song of gratitude is sung by spring's awaken-
ing hours,
Her summer offers at Thy shrine its earliest, love-
liest flowers;

Her autumn brings its ripened fruits, in glorious luxury given,
While winter's silver heights reflect Thy brightness back to heaven!

On all Thou smil'st — and what is man, before Thy presence, GOD?
A breath but yesterday inspired, — to-morrow but a clod:
That clod shall moulder in the vale, — till kindled, Lord, by Thee,
Its spirit to Thine arms shall spring — to life, — to liberty.

AN ASPIRATION.

If 'twere but to retire from woe,
To undisturbed eternal rest —
How passing sweet to sleep below,
On nature's fair and flowery breast!

But when faith's finger points on high,
From death's decaying, dismal cell;
O, 'tis a privilege to die —
To dream of bliss ineffable!

In balmy sleep our eyes to close,
When life's last sunshine gilds our even,
And then to wake from long repose,
When dawns the glorious day of heaven.

TRANSLATION.

Brightest of spirits! proudly throned on high
'Midst the gold flames that flash from star and sun,
In the wide deserts of th' ethereal sky —
Th' Incomprehensible, Almighty One!
Dart the pure radiance of Thy presence down
On this benighted vale; — to mortal eye
Display the splendors of Thy majesty,
And open all the glories of Thy throne.
Ages of old Thee recognized, — though seen
Dimly amidst Thy works: — and man upraised
Temples and altars to Thy shadowed name.
A God, a Father *all* Thy works proclaim,
Who is, and shall be, and hath ever been,
Though veiled in darkness, and in silence praised!

Pellegrino Gaudenzi.

GOD.

(Translation.)

CREATING — uncreated energy!
Who rul'st and govern'st all that Thou hast made;
Whose firm and everlasting feet are staid
On changeless fate — time and eternity!
Thou givest light to morn — to evening shade!
Directest earth and heaven's high majesty!
Unseen, unswayed, — all seen, all swayed by Thee!
Unmoved, yet moving all, — by all obeyed!
Present in every place, — confined to none!
Vice trembles, virtue smiles beneath Thy power;
Thou mad'st the blazing beam, the white frost hoar.
Thou only in Thyself art seen and known.
Being that I know not — yet unknown, adore —
Thou only God! — THOU art Thyself alone!

SALVINI.

HYMN.

He who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely;
Diligent while yet 'tis day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely.
Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.

Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending;
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending.
Cradled in its quiet deep,
Calm as summer's loveliest even,
He shall sleep the hallowed sleep;
Sleep, that is o'erwatched by Heaven.

Till that day of days shall come,
When th' archangel's trumpet breaking
Through the silence of the tomb,
All its prisoners awaking;

He shall hear the thundering blast,
Burst the chilling bands that bound him;
To the throne of glory haste,
All heaven's splendors opening round him.

HYMN.

When before Thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God! to feel
All Thy sacred presence near.
Check each proud and wandering thought
When on Thy great name we call;
Man is nought — is less than nought:
Thou, our God, art all in all.

Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell;
Yet presume to look to Thee,
'Midst Thy light ineffable.
O, forgive the praise that dares
Seek Thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One!

TO A VIOLET.

Sweet flower! Spring's earliest, loveliest gem!
While other flowers are idly sleeping,
Thou rear'st thy purple diadem;
Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,
Where diamond dewdrops shine above thee,
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round;
And well may nature's poet love thee!

Yes! I have envied thee, sweet flower!
And longed like thee to live obscurely;
Sheltered in some benignant bower,
And breathing forth my soul so purely.

Thine is a short, swift reign, I know —
But here, thy spirit still pervading —
New violet tufts again shall blow,
Then fade away — as thou art fading,

And be renewed: the hope how blest,
(O, may that hope desert me never!)
Like thee to sleep on nature's breast,
And wake again, and bloom forever!

HYMN.

Father and Friend! Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear — Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds — invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
But *this* we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with Thee.

And through the various maze of time,
And through th' infinity of space,
We follow Thy career sublime,
And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since Thou, their God, art every where,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

HYMN.

The offerings to Thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.

Upon Thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude ;
No tribute — but the vow sincere, —
The tribute of the good.

My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by Thee ;
If Thy pure spirit touch my heart
With its own purity.

O, may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love ;
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

PERSECUTION.

Let those who *doubt* the heavenly source
Of revelation's page divine,
Use as their weapons fraud and force —
No such unhallowed arms are mine.
I only wield its holy word —
Reason its shield, and truth its sword.

I doubt not; — my religion stands
A beacon on the eternal rock, —
Let malice throw her fiery brands;
Its sacred fane has stood the shock
Of ages — and shall tower sublime
Above the waves and winds of time.

Infinite wisdom formed the plan;
Infinite power supports the pile;
Infinite goodness poured on man
Its radiant light — its cheering smile.
Need they *thine* aid? — poor worm! — *thine* aid!
O, mad presumption — vain parade!

Thou wilt not trust th' Almighty One
With His own thunders — thou wouldst throw

The bolts of heaven! — O, senseless son
Of dust and darkness! — Spider! go,
And with thy cobweb bind the tide,
And the swift, dazzling comet guide.

Yes! force has conquering reasons given,
And chains and tortures argue well, —
And thou hast proved thy faith from heaven,
By weapons thou hast brought from hell.
Yes! thou hast made thy title good,
For thou hast signed the deed with blood.

Daring impostor! sure that God,
Whose advocate thou feign'st to be,
Will smite thee with that awful rod
Which thou wouldst seize — and pour on thee
The vial of that wrath, which thou
Wouldst empty on thy brother's brow.

RETIREMENT.

Happy is he who knows not solitude !
The hour when to the world he seems alone
Is spent with God ! — All cares, all passions lost
In most sublime abstraction. Then his soul,
Too joyous to be bound to earth, upsoars
And wings its glorious passage to an orb
Beyond philosophy's proud ken, — the throne
Where the Divinity sits clad in light,
And gives his spirit welcome ! he forgets
That he is wrapped in mortal clay — becomes
A presence all ethereal, lifts his eye
Undazzled towards the smiles of heavenly love,
And takes his seat with angels. ———
O, the ineffable beatitude,
Could it but last ! — But no ! too soon oppressed
With the vast blessedness, and dragged, alas !
By mortal weakness from its height of joy,
The soul sinks down to this substantial world,
And is a clod again !

SONNET.

"PEACE!" Shall the world outwearied ever see
Its universal reign? Will states, will kings,
Put down those murderous and unholy things
Which fill the earth with blood and misery?
Will nations learn that love — not enmity —
Is Heaven's first lesson — which beneath the wings
Of mercy, brooding over land and sea,
Fills earth with joy, by its soft ministerings?
'Twere a sad prospect — 'twere a vista dark
As midnight — could this wearied mortal eye,
Through the dim mists that veil futurity,
Discern not that heaven-bright though distant spark,
Lighted by prophecy — whose ray sublime
Sheds a soft gleam of hope o'er the dull path of time

SONNET.

I HATE that noisy drum! — It is a sound
That's full of war and bondage, and I blush
That *liberty* had ever cause to rush
Into a warrior's arms — that *right* e'er found
Asylum in the furious field. Not so
The holy crowns of genuine glory grow —
Not there should they who bear the badge serene
Of him who was the *Prince of Peace* be seen.
Can such his faithful followers be? — O, no!
His laurels are not drenched in blood, — but green
And beautiful as spring; — his arms are love
And mercy and forgiveness; — and with these
He rules the nations' mighty destinies —
And gently leads us to our homes above.

SONNET.

From time to time there is a warning voice
Which, in the various shapes of grief and pain
And disappointment, gives us hopes, not vain,
That, sheltered from this mean world's turbulent noise,
We shall repose in silence — or rejoice
In living blessedness — where all the train
Of mortal sorrows enter not — and reign
Where pleasure never wanes and never cloys.
And these are lovely hopes — and these alone
Help us the burden of our woes to bear, —
While we press forward to yon yet-veiled throne,
Whose twilight brightness we just see — and hear
The music that surrounds it. *Here* we groan —
But not a sigh or tear was ever *there*.

HYMNS.

THE GOD OF GLORY THUNDERETH.

Give unto the Lord, ye mighty!
Strength and glory give the Lord!
In the beauty of devotion
Praise His name and bless His word!

Hear, the God of Glory thundereth,
Thundereth on the stormy sea;
Awful is that voice of thunder,
Full of might and majesty!

Lo! that voice the cedar breaketh
On the brow of Lebanon,
And the wilderness of Kadeth
Shakes before the Eternal One!

Now He maketh bare the forests,
And above the lofty storm,
Sitting in eternal glory,
Veiled in dazzling light His form.

There He sitteth — King forever,
Lord of all the heavenly powers;
Peace and joy and glory giver,
Let His peace and joy be ours!

OUR TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

Our times are in Thy hand, and Thou
Wilt guide our footsteps at Thy will:
Lord, to Thy purposes we bow,
Do Thou Thy purposes fulfil!

Life's mighty waters roll along,
Thy spirit guides them as they roll;
And waves on waves impetuous throng
At Thy command, at Thy control.

Lord, we Thy children look to Thee,
And with an humble, prostrate will,
Find, in Thine all-sufficiency,
A claim to love and serve Thee still.

THE SAVIOR'S LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

With heavy heart the Savior turned
Towards the loved city of his race,
And o'er its sinful history mourned
Its coming ruin and disgrace:

How oft beneath the wings of love
Thy wandering children had I brought;
But strongest pleadings fail to move,
And heaven-sent warnings profit nought.

O, why so backward to discern
The lessons taught by years to years?
They will not listen — will not learn:
The Savior ceased — he ceased in tears.

That solemn voice is speaking yet,
From age to age its echo flies;
And still the lesson we forget,
And still the warning we despise.

The scourge of desolation swept
The holy city's holiest fane,
In vain the Savior prayed and wept;
Still shall he weep and pray in vain?

JESUS LIVES.

Jesus lives, and we in him,
Jesus from the grave is risen,
He hath burst the darkness dim
Of his narrow earthly prison.
See him throned in light ascend
To the highest heaven of glory,
See your brother, see your friend,
Tracing out your path before ye.

Jesus lives — he is gone,
Blessed mansions to prepare us;
Courage, Christians! travel on,
Heaven and happiness are near us.
Earth is not the Christian's home,
To a better country tending;
Jesus hath subdued the tomb,
See him o'er its clouds ascending.

Jesus lives — and we shall live;
Jesus sits enthroned in heaven;
He shall crowns of glory give,
He hath crowns of glory given.

Now the power of death is past,
Christians, gird your armor on you;
To your friend, your brother haste,
See, he waits — he smiles upon you!

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

The cloud, the whirlwind, and the wrath,
The lightnings flashing round thy path,
The arm laid bare, the withering frown,
The thunder and the fiery word,
Were Thine of old, terrific Lord!
And inaccessible Thy throne.

So inconceivably sublime
And dreadful in the ancient time,
Thou to Thine Abraham's race wert shown
In majesty and awful might;
In unapproached and dazzling light,
The dread, unutterable One!

But we Thy name may breathe, O Lord,
And language has no sweeter word,

Nor thought a more delightful theme ;
Since all that boundless love and light,
Soul, sense, truth, beauty can unite,
Are harmonized in Thee Supreme.

It was the man of Nazareth,
Whose gentle hand and generous breath
Taught nobler lessons from above ;
Taught all his followers how to pray,
And bade them, Abba, Father ! say —
Their Father God — the God of love !

MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

Lord ! in the unbeginning years
Whose course is wrapped in trackless night,
Ere Thou hadst launched the heavenly spheres,
Or waked this wandering world to light,
What were Thy words, Thy works, — and how
Didst Thou Thy glorious march record ?
For Thou wert great and good, as now,
Of love the Source, of light the Lord.

And in the unending ages, far
Beyond the utmost reach of mind,
When all that is, and all that are,
Shall leave not e'en a wreck behind,
O, what shall be Thy bright career,
Lord of the eternal, changeless will?
Thou wilt be there supreme, as here —
All-wise — all-good — almighty still!

Yes! shrouded in the mystery,
The past, — the future's dark abyss,
Bright clouds of splendor circle Thee,
And light Thy path from bliss to bliss.
This is our faith, our hope, our trust,
Through thought's immeasurable range;
Time is a dream, and man is dust —
But Thou — but Thou canst never change!

LOWLY PRAISE.

Lord! in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And while hearing, let Thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour!

While we know, benignant King!
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering
Till Thy blessing makes it more.

More of truth, and more of might,
More of love, and more of light,
More of reason and of right,
From Thy pardoning grace be given;
It can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
As the strains the angel throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

PRESERVATION IMPLORED.

From all evil, all temptation
That besets our earthly path,
From Thy final condemnation,
From Thy transitory wrath,
God of goodness! us deliver!
And Thy name be praised forever!

From a heart of hate and blindness,
From all envy, treachery, pride,

From all harshness, all unkindness,
All to sin or shame allied,
God of goodness! us deliver!
And Thy name be praised forever!

From the world's deceitful pleasures,
From its soul-invading snares,
From the plotter's darkened measures,
Foolish thoughts and trifling cares,
God of goodness! us deliver!
And Thy name be praised forever!

From the tempest and the lightning,
Thunder's rage and battle's breath,
Pestilence, plagues, famine's blightening
Sudden and untimely death,
God of goodness! us deliver!
And Thy name be praised forever!

In the time of tribulation,
In the bright and prosperous way,
In the hour of life's prostration,
In the final judgment day,
God of goodness! us deliver!
And Thy name be praised forever!

VOYAGE.

Who hath o'er the ocean been,
In its dignity serene,
Clear and smooth as polished glass,
Shining as a silver mass ;

He its Maker's face will see
In that quiet majesty, —
Calm but mighty field of light,
Bright with smiles, with sunbeams bright.

Who hath heard the ocean swell,
In its fury terrible,
When by raging tempests driven,
Shaking earth and storming heaven ;

He may deem how grand, how great,
Is the Almighty Potentate,
God, to whom the ocean's might
Is as nought to infinite.

PIOUS WORSHIP.

In Thy courts let peace be found,
Be Thy temple full of love;
There we tread on holy ground,
All serene, around, above.

While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows,
Tranquillize the turbulent!
Give the weary one repose!

Be the place for worship meet,
Meet the worship for the place;
Contemplation's best retreat,
Shrine of guilelessness and grace!

As an infant knows its home,
Lord! may we Thy temples know;
Thither for instruction come —
Thence by Thee instructed go.

PROGRESS OF GOSPEL TRUTH.

Upon the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And wisdom's self become more wise.

More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world.

Flow to restore — but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

DEATH'S RAVAGES IN THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

From time to time I look around,
And trace the ravage death has made;
And in the peopled burial ground
Watch the still-congregating dead.

With thoughtful eye the crowds I count,
Who in God's temple come to pray —
Of friends how dwindled the amount!
How many gone — how many gray!

Of those with whom my childhood prayed,
Some scattered — and deserters some;
And many — O, how many! — laid
In cold oblivion's narrow home.

The generations onward urge,
Impatiently as wave on wave;
And as the sea absorbs the surge
So sink the nations in the grave.

But what's the sea, and what the grave ?
What but the storehouse of the Lord ?
Who sows to reap, and smites to save,
And guards his sons for their reward.

THE RICH AND POOR MEET TOGETHER.

Come the rich and come the poor
To the Christian temple door ;
Let their mingled prayers ascend
To the universal Friend.

Here the rich and poor may claim
Common ancestry and name ;
Claim a common heritage
In the gospel's promise page.

Of the same materials wrought ;
By the same instructor taught ;
Walking in life's common way ;
Tending to the same decay.

Rich and poor at last shall meet
At the heavenly mercy seat;
Where the name of rich and poor
Never shall be uttered more.

GOD MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Who shall roll away the stone
From the sepulchre?
God! the Almighty God alone
Is almighty here.

Who remould the mortal earth
Wrapped in cold decay?
Who shall call to second birth
That forgotten clay?

Millions sleep of mortal men
'Neath the senseless sod —
Who shall call them forth again
But the Almighty God!

He who heavenly angels sent,
Clad in snowy vest,

Radiant and beneficent,
To the Savior's rest;

He who from that rest awoke
Our triumphant Lord,
He who in the silence spoke
The majestic word:

"I from death the soul will save, —
I, the Almighty One,
Build upon man's mortal grave
Heaven's immortal throne."

GOD NEAR IN SORROW. — [L. M.]

O, SWEET it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom, our wanderings here,
No night of sorrow can conceal
Man from Thy notice, from Thy care.

When disciplined by long distress,
And led through paths of fear and woe;
Say, dost Thou love Thy children less?
No, ever-gracious Father, no!

No distance can outreach Thine eye,
No night obscure Thy endless day;
Be this my comfort when I sigh,
Be this my safeguard when I stray.

THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.

Earth's transitory things decay,
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

As 'midst the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain, —

As in the heavens the urns divine,
Of golden light, forever shine;
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age; —

So through the ocean tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;

So through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

Happy the righteous! come what may,
Though heaven dissolve and earth decay;
Happy the righteous man! for he
Belongs to immortality.

HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF.

If listening, as I listen still,
O God! to Thine instructive word,
In spite of all my spirit's will,
Some whispering voice of doubt is heard, —
That voice spontaneous from the soul,
Which nought can check and nought control;

If when most earnestly I pray
For light, for aid, for strength from Thee,
Some struggling thoughts will force their way,
And break my soul's serenity; —
If reason, thy best gift, will hold
The sceptre only half controlled; —

Help and forgive! heaven's alphabet
Hath many a word of mystery:
I read not all Thy record yet,
Though perseveringly I try;
But teach me, Lord! and none shall be
More prompt, more pleased to learn of Thee

REJOICE WITH TREMBLING.

Rejoice! rejoice! this glorious earth,
A far more glorious heaven resembling,
Is vocal with the sound of mirth:
Rejoice! but O, rejoice with trembling!

For soon those chords with joy that thrill,
Time's ruthless hand will snap asunder,
And that sweet music shall be still
Which waked such passion, praise and wonder.

Rejoice! for there is cause for joy,
And warm and cordial be our greeting;
Yet tremble — bliss hath this alloy,
That it is far less bright than fleeting.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

Mighty is the power that gives
Hope and bliss to all that lives;
While man's happy lot is this,
First in hope, and first in bliss.

Of the joys that fill his breast,
Joys of knowledge are the best;
Linked to his diviner part,
O, they purify his heart!

Sweet it is when evening's sun
Smiles on daily labors done;
And the laborer comes to slake
Thirst for truth at wisdom's lake.

As he drinks, the generous stream
Strengthens and enlightens him;
While his well-trained mind is taught
Higher views and nobler thought.

Then and thus he learns to scan
All the dignity of man;
Then and thus he soars sublime
O'er the wretched cares of time.

COMMUNION.

Not with terror do we meet
At the board by Jesus spread;
Not in mystery drink and eat
Of the Savior's wine and bread.

'Tis his memory we record,
'Tis his virtues we proclaim;
Grateful to our honored Lord,
Here we bless his sacred name.

See him on the dreadful day
Of his mortal agony
Break the bread; and hear him say,
"Eat of this and think of me!"

See him standing on the brink
Of the tomb, and hark! he cries,
"Drink the wine, and as you drink,
O, remember him who dies!"

Yes! we will remember thee,
Friend and Savior! and thy feast
Of all services shall be
Holiest and welcomest.

PERPETUAL PRAISE.

When, wakened by Thy voice of power,
The hour of morning beams in light,
My voice shall sing that morning hour,
And Thee who mad'st that hour so bright.

The morning strengthens into noon,
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair;
And noon and morning shall attune
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.

When 'neath the evening's western gate
The sun's retiring rays are hid,
My joy shall be to meditate,
Even as the pious patriarch did.

As twilight wears a darker hue,
And gathering night creation dims,
The twilight and the midnight too
Shall have their harmonies and hymns.

So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,
My constant inspirations be;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God! a light from Thee.

ELEVATING INFLUENCE OF DEVOTION.

When pure devotion lifts the soul
To holier thoughts and higher spheres,
New orbs of beauty round us roll,
A lovelier light pervades the whole,
And softer music charms the ears.

Not to this valley's dark abyss, —
Not to this narrow world confined,
Is man ; for nobler scenes than this, —
For vaster worlds, for mightier bliss,
For higher realms was man designed

O, be it ours to know, to feel
The upward impulse ; still to rise,
As turns life's ever-moving wheel,
Till stopped by death, — and death reveal
The opening splendors of the skies.

GOD MERCIFUL IN THE MYSTERIES OF AFFLICTION.

Mysterious are the ways of God,
And fear and blindness oft repine;
We murmur 'neath His chastening rod,
Because we read not His design.

Impending clouds His love has spread
O'er this low vale where mortals dwell;
And oft we mourn His spirit fled
When adverse tempests round us swell.

But in those storms that sometimes roll
Our mortal dwellings dark above,
Whose threatening shades dismay the soul,
Dwells the bright presence of His love.

We cannot see Him — not a ray
Of all His glory there appears,
And oft we thread our darkened way,
Trembling with anxious doubts and fears.

Yet faith still looks beyond the gloom,
While hope's bright star illumes our night;
Pilgrims of earth! though dark the tomb,
It leads to scenes of bliss and light.

AFFLICTIONS.

On lightbeams breaking from above,
The eternal course of mercy runs;
And by ten thousand cords of love
Our heavenly Father guides His sons.

Amidst affliction's thickest host,
And sorrow's darkest, mightiest band,
The heavenly cord is drawn the most,
And most is felt the heavenly hand.

O, be it mine to feel, to see,
Through earth's perplexed and varying road,
The cords that link us, God, to Thee,
And draw us to Thine own abode!

SICKNESS.

All have joys that throw their brightness
Over life's mysterious way;
All have griefs that fling their darkness
Round the fairest hours of day.

Peace will often fix its mansion
Near the noisy tents of strife;
Death is mightiest in its conquests,
'Midst the busiest fields of life.

So in health's delighted moments,
Pain and sickness will intrude;
Now, the world of rush and tumult —
Now, the chamber's solitude.

Sickness — eloquent instructor!
Nurse of thought, and check of pride —
Leveller of earth's distinctions!
Harsh — but yet a heavenly guide.

O, when He who chastening, loveth,
Bends me 'neath its discipline,
May the lesson taught divinely
Bear its influence divine!

RECOVERY OF HEALTH.

How bright are the smiles of the dawn!
How lovely the waking of spring!
How fragrant the flowers of the lawn!
How joyous the bird on its wing!
But if summer and springtide be bright,
If the bird and the flower give delight,
Delight becomes rapture, when, freed from his pain,
The sick man goes forth from his chamber again

The earth is a splendid display
Of all that is lovely and grand;
And the heavens, how glorious are they,
With their worlds and their wonders unscanned!
But let him all their wonders reveal,
He best all their wonders can feel,
Whom suffering has chained to a sick bed, — but who,
Released, comes to wonder and worship anew.

Health borrows from sickness its zest,
As the stars from the darkness their rays:
And of all wisdom's lessons, the best
Are those the All-wise One conveys;
Be we lowly learners! and still,
While we watch and we wait on His will, —
Let that will, like the sunbeams which burst from above,
Bear light to our bosoms, and calmness and love.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Oft when the gathering clouds of woe
The mercy source of light eclipse,
Thoughts which the bosom overflow,
Break out in murmurs from the lips.

Dark is the memory of the past,
Dark the approaching days to come;
And darker yet the shades which cast
O'er passing hours their present gloom.

When shall that thickening gloom disperse,
God's heavenly sunshine breaking through?

When shall the glorious universe
Wear cheerful robes and smile anew?

O, if distrust, and if despair
Usurp the sceptre of the soul,
How should God's brightness enter there,
To comfort, counsel and control?

But let thy heart the thoughts dismiss,
Which doubt, or censure, or complain,
And soon a very tide of bliss
Shall rush into that heart again.

JOY AFTER SORROW.

As, when the deluge waves were gone,
Hills, plains and vales in freshness burst,
And nature's earliest rainbow shone
On scenes more lovely than the first:

Loosed from the ark, a heavenly dove
The promise branch of olive bore, —
Pledge of returning peace and love
That beamed more brightly than before:

So when affliction's waters glide
From the enfranchised soul away,
More peaceful, pure, and sanctified,
The soul emerges into day.

And then, as with the olive bough
The heavenly dove of old drew near,
Some gentle words of truth will flow
In holy music on the ear.

O'er all the transient things of time,
The oblivious foot of years hath trod;
But all that 's sacred and sublime
Stands steadfast as the truth of God.

TEMPTATION.

O, WHAT a struggle wakes within,
When in the spirit's solitude,
The tempting treacherous thoughts of sin,
In all their luring smiles intrude!

'T is then, my Father! then I feel
My nature's weakness, and, oppressed,

Like a poor trembling child I steal
To Thee, for safety and for rest.

Beneath Thy shadow let me live!
Be Thou my Friend — my Father be!
I bend in trust — I pray! forgive
The erring child that flies to Thee!

RICHES.

Ten thousand blessings are my lot,
For which my hands have labored not;
To me the accident of birth
Has brought the various gifts of earth.

Some toil from morn to eve, and then
Toil from the morn to eve again;
And all their wearying toil can give
Is but the privilege to live: —

To live — to toil — and toil anew,
Life's never-ceasing journey through;
While I, without a thought to tire,
Desire, and luxuries meet desire.

Yet Heaven hath not these luxuries given,
To reach forgetfulness of heaven!
No! but that, freed from care, the mind
Should higher, worthier objects find.

To me be wealth as wealth was meant,
All grace, all virtue's nourishment:
No bondage to the world, — but mine
In trust for purposes divine.

POVERTY.

The all-embracing Mind that planned
The world, and all that it contains,
Distributes with an equal hand,
To each his pleasures and his pains.

The sons of poverty may press
Around the wealthy's gorgeous door
But wealth has its own weariness,
And there are blessings for the poor.

There 's many a passion, many a pain,
And fears, and jealousies, and cares,

That wear the heart and rack the brain,
Which poverty its victims spares.

And many a joy to wealth denied,
Smiles on the poor his lot t' assuage;
Peace hath its noble thoughts like pride,
And poverty its heritage.

Toil has its triumph — strength and health,
And bouyant spirits, labor brings;
While wealth is fugitive, — for wealth
Hath slippery feet and ready wings.

I WILL LAY ME DOWN IN PEACE, AND SLEEP.

The labors of the day are done;
And O, how exquisitely blest,
Who, with the calm, declining sun,
Retire in holy peace to rest!

Thrice blest beneath their Guardian's smile,
And tranquil as the heavens above,
To sleep — securely sleep, a while
In the kind arms of heavenly love;

With no reproaching voice within
To break upon the calm of bliss;
As evenings earliest dews serene,
And gentle as the twilight is.

Alas! the brightest and the best
Of earthly pleasures soon decay;
The sweetest and the loveliest
Glide, like a passing breeze, away.

But saints from death itself shall rise,
Renewed by heaven's immortal spring;
And in the garden of the skies
Bloom in eternal blossoming.

LOVE OF HOME.

Some spot there is, some cherished spot,
We love, all other spots above;
And few so wretched that have not
Some early-cherished spot to love.

The mountain heights are dear to some,
To some the valley's deep recess;

To some the desert is a home,
With thoughts to cheer and joys to bless.

To some the tempest-troubled sea
Is music; — while the snows and ice
That gird earth's arctic scenery,
To some bring dreams of paradise.

The fervor of the tropic beams, —
The darkness of deep woods, — the fall
Of dangerous cataract-shaken streams, —
All scatter joys around them — all.

Yes! all, some spot, some cherished spot,
Love, every other spot above;
And none so destitute as not
To have some spot on earth to love.

HOME JOYS.

Sweet are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet; for they,
Like dews of morn and evening, come
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions too:
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar;
But stars approached, become more bright
And home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground;
But in home's holy joys, again
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

HOME SORROWS.

THERE is no spot, or high or low,
Which darkness visits not at times;
No shelter from the reach of woe,
In farthest lands or fairest climes.

The tempests shake the stoutest tree,
And every floweret droops in turn:
To mourn is nature's destiny,
And all that live must live to mourn.

No home so happy, but that pain,
And grief, and care, the doors will press,
When love's most anxious thoughts are vain,
More anxious from their helplessness.

And yet, if aught can soften grief,
'T is home's sweet influence; — if there be
Relief from sorrow, that relief
Springs from domestic sympathy.

The home that virtue hallows, flings
Another bliss o'er blessedness;
And e'en to sorrow's children brings
Or peace to calm, or hope to bless.

TRAVEL.

How wide, how wondrous is the world!
A multitudinous record,
Whose every, every page unfurled,
Tells the bright glories of the Lord!

But of that great, that splendid book,
Where all is wise, and good, and true,
O, who hath looked, or who can look,
The innumerable pages through?

Traverse the ocean, walk the land,
Wend over forest, field, and hill;—
Thou hast not yet the title scanned—
The book's unread,—unopened still.

Mysterious Author! work sublime!
How sweet to know—to feel—to see
That earth, and heaven, and space, and time,
Are filled with words of love from Thee!

FAMILY MEETINGS.

Scattered o'er various fields by Heaven,
Through various pathways led;
What happiness in peace to meet
Around a common head!

To talk of mercies shared by all,
Of hopes that virtues raise;
And in the general bliss enjoyed,
To join in general praise!

The pleasures of the past recall,
And tell the tales again
Of infant dreams, and childhood's joys,
And youth's delightful reign; —

And then the strange vicissitudes
Of manhood to compare;
And mark how wonderful, how kind,
Heaven's dispensations are; —

To plan the schemes of future bliss;
Rejoicing to confess,

That He whose love hath blessed the past,
The future, too, will bless.

Thus the domestic hearth is made
Both love and virtue's shrine,
And thus earth's dross is purified,
And man becomes divine.

RETURN HOME FROM TRAVEL.

The bee hath its domestic cell,
The wandering bird, its nest;
The beast, its lair in forest dell,
And man, his home of rest.

And tired with toil, with travel tired,
The beast, the bird, the bee,
By common impulse all inspired,
Seek home's sweet secrecy.

Man, winged for farther, bolder flight,
Privileged o'er earth to roam.

Still bends with ever new delight
Towards his native home.

Home, made more sacred, made more dear,
When travels far have taught
How much about the heart — how near
Life's early chains are wrought.

Those chains around the heart remain,
Through every absent hour;
And nought can free us from the chain
But home's enchanting power.

BIRTH.

O, WHAT a cloud of anxious thought,
And serious cares and claims, are brought
By that sweet child, whose calm repose
Is troubled not by thought or care,
Though destined, as all mortals are,
To mortal wants and mortal woes!

The journey of our life begins
Neither in sorrows nor in sins;

They come, as tempests come to earth,
And clouds to heaven; sweet child! for thee,
Few may thy sins and sorrows be,
And bright thy death, as bright thy birth.

No more! we would not seek to know
The secrets of thy lot below;
Time will unveil them: to the care
Of Heaven our offspring we commend,
And suppliant for its blessing bend,
In grateful, reverential prayer.

BAPTISM.

Drop the limpid waters now,
On the infant's sinless brow;
Dedicate the unfolding gem,
Unto Him, who blessed the stem.

Let our aspirations be
Innocent as infancy;
Pure the prayers that force their way,
As the child for whom we pray.

In the Christian garden we
Plant another Christian tree;
Be its blossoms and its fruit
Worthy of the Christian root.

To that garden now we bring
Waters from the living spring;
Bless the tree, the waters bless,
Holy One! with holiness.

When life's harvests all are past,
O, transplant the tree at last,
To the fields where flower and tree
Blossom through eternity!

BURIAL.

Gather up, O earth! thy dead;
Grass! thy peaceful pillow spread,
Add another mortal's bed
To the bed where mortals sleep:
Where they sleep — but not to rise
When morn's sunlight clears the skies
But to rest — while centuries
Their long-during watches keep.

Centuries shall pass away;
Earth shall hasten to decay:
Days will bring of days the day
When the exhausted cycles end;
Then, — earth's every fugitive
Shall appear; — the grave shall give
Up its dead — the dead shall live, —
And the Eternal Judge descend.

Day of wonders! day of woe!
Day of evil's overthrow!
Day of joy! when all shall know —
Know and see the Lord of heaven!
Then, O then, may hope appear,
Faith our fainting spirits cheer,
Love dry up the trembling tear,
Whispering sweetly, "Sins forgiven!"

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The week is past! its latest ray
Is vanished with the closing day;
And 'tis as far beyond our grasp,
Its now departed hours to clasp,
As to recall that moment bright
When first creation sprung to light.

The week is past! And has it brought
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought?
And has it left some memory dear
Of heavenly raptures tasted here?
It has not winged its flight in vain,
Although it ne'er return again.

And who would sigh for its return?
We are but pilgrims, born to mourn;
And moments, as they onward flow,
Cut short the thread of human woe,
And bring us nearer to the scenes
Where sorrows end and heaven begins.

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